

THE GRAIL



MATER PURISSIMA

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DOM GREGORY DE WIT, O. S. B.

FEBRUARY, 1945

The Grail

Volume 27, No. 2

FEBRUARY, 1945

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OUR COVER

The beautiful painting from which we have selected a detail for this month's cover is from the brush of Dom Gregory De Wit, O.S.B., of Mont Cesar, Belgium. Dom Gregory's work has been represented frequently in the pages of THE GRAIL, but this very appealing picture of the Virgin Mary is one of the best we have so far given to our readers. It is chosen this month to honor the Blessed Mother on the Feast of her Purification, February 2.

THE GRAIL

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H. C. McGinnis

THE proposal to have every American boy and girl undergo one year of training may mean more than meets the eye. The mere fact that word has come out of Washington that the law requiring this procedure should be passed now because it would probably not pass after the war indicates that some proponents feel that the matter can not bear calm and close scrutiny. This attitude should be a danger signal to parents. Why is it that this matter requires wartime emotions to carry it through? Why can't it stand on its own feet? Is national security the only reason behind it? Any matter which will affect the nation's youth for generations and perhaps change the nation's entire moral tone requires the very closest examination.

Although the nation's religious bodies have, for the most part, come out against government training of boys and girls, one reads discussions which strongly advocate it. Some of them seemingly have much merit and sound very convincing. This perplexes the public and causes not a few to believe that the churches are simply taking a pacifist attitude. However, there should be little cause for perplexity at this

BETWEEN THE LINES

H. C. McGinnis

Boy and Girl Soldiers

stage of the game, provided people give the matter some real thought.

In the first place, just what do the proponents of compulsory training for youth want? At first they said they wanted the nation's youth to receive military training. Some stated that the program should include girls as well as boys. When objections began to appear, some stated that they had only a physical training program in mind. Evidently these people are more interested in getting the nation's youth under government control than they are in whether they are trained with rifles or Indian clubs. People who can switch from one announced objective to another so easily must not be seriously interested in either one, but in something else. Perhaps they have become enamoured of the government-controlled youth movements in totalitarian countries. While they offer the heavy number of selective service rejections due to physical defects as a main argument, they fail to state why the nation's youngsters must disrupt their lives and enter government service for a year to remedy the condition. Nor do they claim that one year's training will solve the problem. Furthermore, they offer no arguments why one year's intensive training is better than a twelve year program conducted through the schools. Nor do they contrast the potential moral hazards to be incurred with the physical benefits to be gained. They do not even attempt to explain how their proposal dove-tails with General Marshall's proposal for a small standing army and a large trained reserve, for it must be admitted that the world's finest physical specimen means nothing on the modern battlefield unless he is trained in the use of modern weapons and tactics. While such a program would conceivably

furnish a pool from which military conscription could be later made with less rejections, it still is a far cry from the national security which General Marshall feels would come from a large trained reserve. Hence it would appear that the advocates of compulsory conscription of the nation's boys and girls for a year's physical training are either drawing a red herring across the trail of what they really have in mind or else they have failed to properly judge its worth in case of attack.

THEN there are a few who evidently believe that a year's discipline under government supervision will lessen the juvenile delinquency problem. These people belong to that group which believes that governments can train youth better than parents. On various occasions they have attempted to use the war as a means for having the State institute some form of youth training. An example occurred in the early days of the civilian defense program when instructors were hired to teach the nation's youth folk-dancing, archery, badminton and other similar things, and to give "lectures," under the guise of training youngsters how to seek safety during air-raids. While public indignation knocked this grandiose scheme of tomfoolery in the head, it did not end the persistence of those who feel that the State should have a major share in the business of orientating young minds. Should the nation's youth ever fall into the clutches of this group, American democracy is earmarked for an early grave.

General Marshall, one of the nation's most respected and trusted leaders, advocates compulsory military training. His reasons are purely military and, being a believer in democracy and not favor-

ing a large and burdensome military establishment, he advocates a trained civilian reserve. General Marshall's opinion carries much weight with the average American. Yet one need not be a general nor even an armchair strategist to take issue with him, for the subject is one of national policy. It is for the voting public to decide whether it prefers to have a standing army large enough to repulse attack or depend upon a civilian reserve. The General's opinion on matters of national policy must be that of a private citizen. The main thing he is interested in, and very properly so, is having the nation's protective force larger than New York City's police corps and the fact that he favors a trained civilian reserve shows that he is not interested in establishing a military class such as exists in so many European countries. No doubt General Marshall feels that compulsory military training will furnish a larger potential defensive force that can be quickly mobilized than any other system. Yet, after witnessing the radical changes in weapons and tactics which have developed since the beginning of this war, one is forced to wonder what use a year's military training would be to a youngster five years later. Perhaps then he would be as much a stranger to changed modes of fighting as a World War I veteran would be in the present conflict.

ON THE other hand, many Americans have felt for a long time that this nation should have a larger peacetime army. Our international importance seems to rate a larger military establishment and it must be admitted that, had not circumstances favored us during the war's early days, our army would have been inadequate to stave off attack. Had the Japs followed up their surprise attack on Pearl Harbor and attacked the West Coast, as many of our General Staff feared they would, many military men doubt if we could have repelled an invasion. Certainly we had no sufficient force already mobilized to throw against them. Our small peacetime army, with much of it employed outside continental limits,

could have been nothing more than a suicide squad. Fortunately for us the Japs were more interested in greedily expanding their empire in Asia and the South Pacific, rather than in invading the United States which they could scarcely hope to possess, even in case of victory.

Pearl Harbor no doubt gave a useful idea to future bandit nations, should the present war fail to eliminate the possibilities of their existence. Let us try to imagine how one of them might attack us in the future. Perhaps it would prepare a huge fleet of submarines equipped to fire robot bombs upon surfacing. Such a fleet could approach close to our shores with little chance of detection. Under the confusion which this sudden rain of death and destruction would inevitably cause, an air-borne army, carried by trans-ocean carriers, could land to paralyze our communications and production centers. Against such lightning-like strokes what immediate use would be a civilian reserve which would have to be called to the colors, outfitted and equipped before going into action? Might we not be hopelessly defeated before we could get them into service? A standing army of reasonable size, trained right to the minute in the latest arts of war, with a strong National Guard as the second line of defense, would be the only successful answer until such time as the nation could prepare its reserves.

If our leaders sincerely feel that America will need a sturdier defense in days to come, is compulsory conscription of both boys and girls the only answer? Might not military training in high school and college serve a similar purpose, with possibly the graduates entering the National Guard for so many years? In the past, military training in high schools has been looked upon unfavorably because it smacked of militarism; but certainly it can be no more militaristic than compulsory service in peacetime. In this event the National Guard should be relieved of duty in case of strikes, a requirement which has gained it much past unpopularity. However, one cannot help asking the question why, before the peace agreement

has even been attempted, national leaders envision a future world in which war will seem so imminent. Is this a defeatist attitude? Do our leaders already know that this war is bound to fail of its objectives to bring about a peaceful world? Do they see the postwar world returning to power-politics with this nation taking part in these dangerous cliques? How can they know the world's future status until a peace agreement has been written? Doesn't a demand for peacetime conscription seem ill-timed when our leaders are supposed to be still working for some form of postwar agreement which will make wars less likely? In a democratic nation, universal training should be the last resort in a war-like world and certainly not a step taken before a new world order has been attempted. In any event, there is certainly no possible excuse for even considering the conscription of the nation's young women into a peacetime training program when no one seems to know whether they will be trained in services allied to war's prosecution, in kitchen-mechanics, in the raising of better babies, or in some screwy philosophy. Right now, so far as the girls are concerned, those who advocate their compulsory training seem far more interested in getting them under some form of government regimentation than for what they are to be trained.

The nation's churches are not pacifistic when they decry peacetime compulsory service for the nation's youth. Rather they are wisely thinking of the moral hazards involved, the disruptions of educational programs, the danger of making every last person in the country war-minded. To make the program one of intensive military training would be bad enough; but to make it a grand-scale youth-movement, the purpose of which can't be agreed upon by its advocates, would be intolerable. Let us turn our constructive energies toward the seeking of world peace and the strengthening of democracy, rather than to creating a militaristic nation or one which seeks to regiment and indoctrinate its young under the guise of national service.



Courtesy The New York World Telegram

A. A.

These meetings of interested persons, some of whom have experienced the power in self-control they did not know they had, must remain anonymous, as it is the policy of the Movement to shield identities.

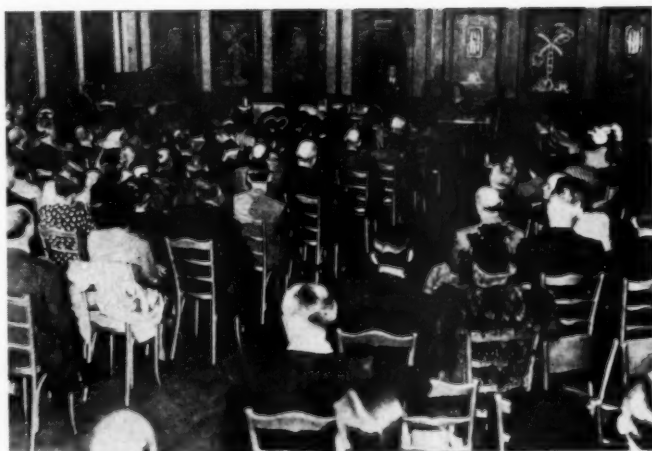
Miracles Do Happen Here

Constance L. Bevan

WE COULD feel it as soon as we entered the room, this undercurrent of something that seemed to flow out and even include us. It was more than the expectancy of members of an organization eager to see and hear their honored founder; it was a galvanic quality in the people themselves.

At first, as we took seats, we were rather ill-at-ease, for we had practi-

For information about "Alcoholics Anonymous" write to The Alcoholic Foundation, P.O. Box 658, New York City. Literature may also be obtained from P.O. Box 1638, Station C, Cleveland, Ohio, and from P.O. Box 932, Akron, Ohio.



Courtesy The New York World Telegram

THE GRAIL

cally crashed the meeting. A topsy-turvy sensation to feel embarrassment because we had never been drunk! For this gathering of some three hundred men and women in our midwestern city was a session of "Alcoholics Anonymous," that unique fellowship in which the sole membership requirement is a forthright desire to be cured of a mortal illness—Alcoholism. The screen of anonymity is an effective device for carrying on the very personal work which members, belonging to all walks of life, make their absorbing avocation.

It was no cheap curiosity that had brought us here. My husband and I each had a brother active in eastern "Groups," as the local units are called; for them "A.A." has mysteriously been able to do what family reproaches, tears, and prayers had failed to accomplish. One of the brothers had asked us to attend a meeting in our city.

Recalling that a popular columnist in our daily paper mentioned the organization, I went to see him.

"Yes, I know them," he said. "I've seen them go into the city jail across the street here, bring out the worst drunks, and sober them up." He gave me the telephone number of the leader who, he said, was working in a defense plant but could be reached evenings at the clubhouse.

Clubhouse! Curious but timid about addressing a leader of Alcoholics, I screwed up courage to telephone. A brisk, pleasant voice returned, "Well, now, you're in luck! Our founder is coming—we're having a big meeting Thursday night. Come right along, and bring your husband. Ask for me." Then, with a chuckle, he added, "You'll meet some of your friends."

We did meet a friend or two, and, to our surprise (and theirs) some close neighbors. Could these quiet, nice-appearing, middle-aged folks be *alcoholic*?

I don't know what we had expected Alcoholics to look like; certainly they would have the slightly singed appearance of brands lately snatched from the burning! But these were just people, though with a somewhat greater preponderance of intelligent and alert faces than is usually seen in a cross-section of American life.

As soon as we had met the gray-haired leader with the business-like manner and wisely humorous Irish face, our "strangeness" ceased to trouble. Because I had told him I was interested particularly in the wife's part in her husband's recovery, I was introduced to a friendly woman who said she had been assigned to be my hostess, and would answer my questions. Although not herself an Alcoholic, I felt in her that same glow which radi-

ated from the others. I shall call my guide, "Mrs. Anon."

The meeting opened with the leader warmly welcoming the guests, including, he said, "the good friends on the outside who are helping educate the public about A.A." Among these guests I noted several municipal judges, and I couldn't resist thinking, *the last time they saw alcoholics, it was, "Ninety days!"*

Seeking to describe A.A. to the outsiders, the leader said, "It means release, joy, happiness for all around us. We were lost but have been transformed by the simple spirituality of A.A." Without affectation he spoke of "unconditional surrender;" of "power and wisdom beyond;" of "humility, the keystone in the arch of recovery."

There are now, we learned, more than ten thousand members in some two hundred and fifty Groups in the United States, several in Canada, and the most recent addition in Honolulu. Men and women in the armed services are taking A.A. to all parts of the world. Mrs. Anon told me with pride that this city Group has three WAC's and a WAVE.

To receive inquiries—over fifteen hundred poured in after the publication of a series of articles in a national weekly—and to administer funds such as royalties from the book, "*Alcoholics Anonymous*," a Trust has been created called *The Alcoholic Foundation*. Many Groups have been started merely through correspondence with "Box 658, Church St. Annex, New York City," which is national headquarters.

Coming back to the local Group—itsself born of correspondence—the leader announced "squad meetings" for the next week, some to be held in homes others at the clubhouse. New "squads" are continually being split off as these small units grow too large for effective discussion of the intensely personal problems involved in the struggle to recover from alcoholism.

Followed then a ceremony of awards for periods of sobriety—just like Sunday school, I thought, as people went forward with self-conscious smiles to receive lapel buttons of different colors indicating six months, nine months, a year, eighteen months, and beyond. Well, if it helps . . . I reflected, and decided that it must, as twenty-six members called forth thunderous applause for being decorated with the button that signifies a bone-dry two years.

Introduced as secretary to the speaker of the evening, a pleasant young woman next spoke modestly and honestly, with thrusts of wry humor, about her own experience. Old-fashioned as any temperance crusader, I reacted characteristically to the mere idea of an Alcoholic Woman. Now I was

surprised to see that there was nothing remotely suggestive of the gutter about this attractive young person; she was nice!

She told us that people were alcoholics first, men and women afterward. But there is an extra stigma, she conceded, attached to alcoholic women, which makes it harder for them to admit that they are alcoholic. In the fifth year of the ten-year old fellowship of A.A. one or two women were "blasted into the open," as she put it, and now there are several hundred women members.

And now came the high spot of the evening. Felicitously introduced by an editor of a national magazine, the man sitting on the platform unfolded his great length, and stepped down to the level of his audience. As he stood silent for a moment, we could feel the forward surging of the company's regard for this man known as "Bill."

He looks like the stock broker he is. There is nothing of the evangelist about him, but just a touch of the prophet. He has a long, serene face occasionally enlivened by a smile of amusement, generally at himself.

Alcoholism, Bill told us, is something of a mystery so admitted by the doctors. It may be an allergy.

"We Alcoholics," he explained, "are inclined to be infantile, grandiose, hitching our wagons to a star; and when we can't handle our frustration, we seek the release of alcohol."

Absorbed faces registered assent as the speaker described alcoholism. "Yes, yes, that's the way it is. Bill, you certainly know what you're talking about. And you tell it in our language."

"Alcoholics," Bill continued, "cannot drink like normal people. Somehow the stuff destroys the will power which exasperated friends exhort them to use. They are in a dilemma: they have an obsession of the mind plus an allergy of the body. *This time*, thinks the Alcoholic, *I will control my drinking*. In the grip of the allergy he will never be able to do it—of himself. Self-pity and resentment are the weather breeders which cause an Alcoholic, as one of them has written, to behave 'like a tornado roaring through the lives of others.'" To forestall this danger-mood, Bill gave a sort of prayer:

"God grant me the serenity to ac-

cept things I cannot change, courage to change things I can, and wisdom to know the difference."

Bill's own story falls into the typical alcoholic pattern. He told it frankly and with a kind of rueful humor, as when describing one of his tumbles from "the wagon" at a time when his job and possibly his sanity depended upon his sticking in the driver's seat. Boon companions were imbibing a potent brew they called "Jersey Lightning." With the usual crazy rationalization, Bill began to feel sorry for himself because he had dried up without having so much as tasted the Lightning...

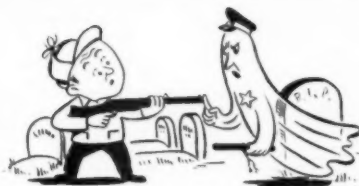
Out of the hospital once more, temporarily sobered by the fear of being "put away," Bill all too soon experienced what he calls "the insidious insanity" of the first drink. It was at this crucial time that an old friend with whom he had shared many an alcoholic adventure in days past, came to see him—cold sober.

"I've got religion," he explained, "and I've come to pass it on to you, if you care to have it."

Religion! Bill was amused. Something had undoubtedly happened to this fellow, for the doctors



1. Don't shoot—that is, not in any cemetery in New York State. If you do, you'll be subject to a fine.



2. If you forget to get permission before carrying any bones, other than those in your skeleton, into a building in New York City, you'll become a lawbreaker.



3. But a much easier way to become a criminal is to open or close an umbrella in the presence of any horse in the New York area.



(Authenticated News Photo)

BANDJERMASIN, Borneo—In the interior of Borneo live wild head-hunting tribes of Dyaks still untouched by civilization—skilled in metal work and deadly hunters—killing their prey with poisoned darts shot from blow-guns. Their dead are buried in running streams so that the evil spirits that Death brings are carried down to the sea and will not remain in the forests to cause disease among the survivors—an unconscious hygiene which protects them from epidemics. With solemn ceremony—the Dyak chief is borne to his watery grave.

Picture shows the body of the dead chief—in sitting position—wearing his necklace of panther's teeth—each tooth representing the head of an enemy. The funeral decorations are made by splitting down tropical trees in narrow ribbons. This Dyak has tremendous dignity in death.

had called him incurable. Since Bill was prejudiced against conventional ideas about God, the friend said it would be all right for him to choose his own conception. All that was necessary was that he believe in a Power higher than himself.

Back in the hospital to be "defogged," Bill gave over the life he couldn't manage to this Higher Power. His experience was of the sudden, flash-of-light variety, but he made it plain to us that it is not so with everyone. Often there is a slow process of re-education.

The good friend had told Bill that it was a "must" for their own recovery that they help others in like case. As he lay in the hospital, he thought of the thousands who would be glad to have what had been given him . . . and so was born the idea of Alcoholics Anonymous. Bill tried it out on a business trip to Ohio and found that the technique worked: when tempted, find another man to help.

So, in geometrical progression, the membership has grown, demonstrating that at least two out of every three who really wish to—as distinct from merely "wanting to want to—" can get well on the A.A. program, though they may have been called hopeless from the medical point of view.

It's an old idea, according to Bill, old as the hills in principle. It takes the findings of medicine, psychiatry, and religion, adding a compulsion to seek out another man or woman to help. First an analysis is made of the "patient," usually resulting in advice that he go to the hospital to be de-jitterized. Then a program is set up for him, and his A.A. friends stand by to help him carry it out. Because he has been in retreat from life, living in the past and future only, he must get back into the present. Doctors and ministers agree that a change in personality is essential; and in A.A. such changes are often incredibly rapid, and not to be explained except as of God.

Bill talked for at least an hour, but his audience, physically uncomfortable in a too-warm room, listened enthralled. My husband, who had planned to go to another meeting later, forgot all about it. The session closed with a united repeating of the Lord's Prayer, the only religious exercise. Mrs. Anon invited us to the clubhouse for the social end of the evening.

When we exclaimed over the fine old mansion, one of the city's historic homes, Mr. Anon said, as though he could scarcely believe it himself, "Two years ago we couldn't raise five dollars a week to rent a room to meet in, and now we've almost paid for *this*."

My hostess showed me about the many-roomer, handsomely panelled interior, exhibiting with special pride the "Wives' Room" where imagination and

skill had achieved a lovely effect with chintz. The women I met—impossible to tell which were Alcoholics—were friendly about answering my hesitating questions. Several spoke feelingly of what a change A.A. had made in their homes. I had the impression that they were holding their breaths lest all this turn out to be a dream...

"When you know a man is sick," said Mrs. Anon, "it's different. You don't keep wondering, 'What kind of man have I married?' We have to do everything we can to make their struggle easier, overlooking irritability and nervousness, restraining ourselves from 'blowing off' when often we have reason to. We must watch for the danger signals so that we can tactfully call for help from some A.A. friend. We must remember that it took years for our husbands to get into this condition, and it is going to take a long time for them to be rehabilitated. Because we are all neurotics as a result of the humiliations we have suffered, we also have to go through rehabilitation; but we can take this double task and come through with flying colors. Very few wives fail.

"There is the problem of what to do if our husbands 'slip.' It is like seeing a child you have reared carefully and lovingly suddenly being sucked down in a pool of quicksand. We must work with them to help them find out what part of the program they have failed to use."

That program of twelve points, to the neglect of any one of which, "golden slippers," as they are whimsically called, attribute their downfall, is simple, yet stiff. It demands that they face themselves honestly, admit their powerlessness, yield to a Higher Power, make amends to those they have injured, and carry the cure to others.

Wives also feel a duty toward women alcoholics. Their courage in admitting their condition and their struggle toward recovery make them worthy of only the highest admiration. Another obligation felt is toward the wife of the new or prospective member of A.A. Mrs. Anon told of a call she and her husband made on a prospect. While he talked with the man, she visited with the wife whose neglected appearance, as well as that of the house, was shocking. "She looked as though she had gone through hell, and, as I found out later, she had."

My new friend said, with deepest sympathy, "I want to see that woman smile again. I want to see her eyes lose that scared and apprehensive look. I want to see her look at her husband with affection instead of with horror. And that will come—all of it. I know, because I've seen it happen with

other women. In three months, even, there will be such a change as to make her almost unrecognizable. It's happened right here in town in at least two hundred families."

There is a tribute to wives in the chapter called, "The Doctor's Nightmare," in the book *Alcoholics Anonymous* written by Bill and others: "For some reason we alcoholics seem to have the gift of picking out the world's finest women. Why they should be subjected to the tortures we inflict upon them I cannot explain."

It was a socially successful evening at the clubhouse. Refreshments were sandwiches, coffee, cake and cokes. Alcoholics are either super-sociable, or they suffer from a self-conscious fear that they are social failures. Both types have found that alcohol is not the essential ingredient for a pleasurable evening. They have, however, a remarkable tolerance for those who can use it normally. That is not their business!

When I asked A.A. members to tell me what it was that happened to them after they had followed the A.A. program, a baffled, almost mystic look came to their faces.

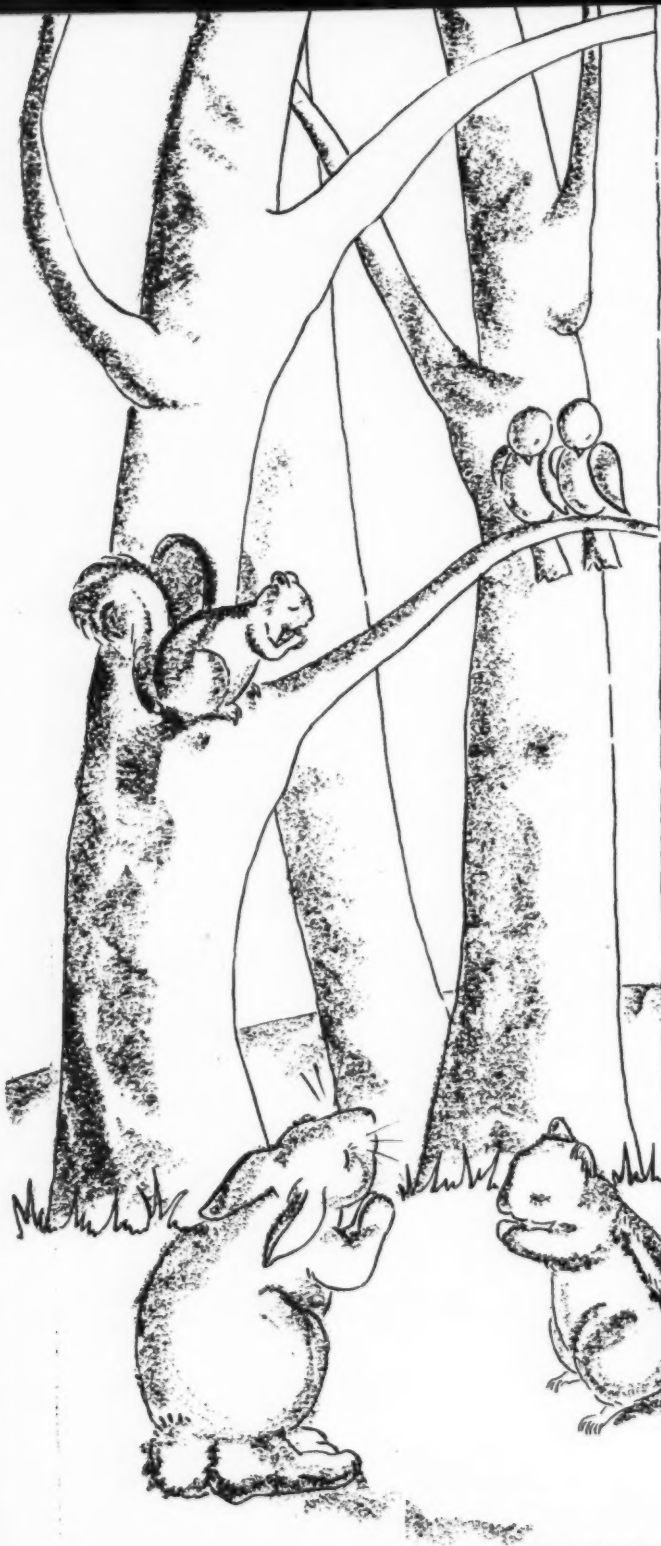
We don't know, they said. That is the miracle.

Now we knew the word for that electric something that charged this company: Joy. And why not be joyful when one is living in the midst of twelve thousand miracles?



(Authenticated News Photo)

Picture shows the chief's widow donning her husband's necklace of panther's teeth which she inherits on his death. Her many ornaments as well as the elaborate tattooing on her hands give evidence of her high rank. Another suitor must match her dead husband's prowess before he can hope to marry her.



The Winds



The Winds come out of nowhere
To do their work at night;
The North Wind paints frost pictures
And makes the whole world white;

The East Wind drapes the mountains
In fog and silver rain;
The West Wind stars with bluets
The valley and the plain;

The South Wind swings the censer
For bees through perfumed hours,
Night-long they rock the cradle
For sleepy birds and flowers.

And when their work is finished
Away they rise and soar,
They all go back to nowhere
Till time to work once more.

Hallie Whitaker



Guam and Maelstrom

A G.I.'s Distractions at Mass

Joe Rozmarin



FAR OUT over battered hill 304, two huge mortar-shattered palms sway toward each other. Except for an occasional sortie of planes, the sky is empty and dead. There is much to enjoy in our precious moments of peace.

I trudge a half-mile to kneel on the moist jungle ground before our padre's field-kit. *Introibo ad altare Dei.*

My knees jiggle and solidly settle themselves in the matted grass while Father crosses himself. *Adju-torium nostrum in nomine Domini.*

As I kneel, my thumb silently and slowly slides back and forth, up and down, my khaki-covered *Key to Heaven*. My mind also slides back and forth—but across the world. And I cannot hold it where I should. It must be the rations or the heat.

Now how did I get way over to France so fast? And over there is my kid brother. Why are we swinging arm in arm together into La Chappelle Marie? Why does his friendly priedieu shudder and shake after we have settled ourselves? Why do his fingertips moisten the blunt edges of its oak-wood? Then I understand. This is the last Mass, a living Requiem. But the red-haired priest should be wearing black vestments, not bright green crisscrossed with gold! O young man of God, disrobe and put on the symbol of death. Put on the blackness that will soon envelope my brother in the bowels of his tank. You object? Well why shouldn't the diocesan ordo of La Chambiere defer to Order 2761, password "small beer," which moves him up to the front in fifteen hours? Please, Father, put away the things of green that bring our verdant romping fields before us. Begone with your tinted robes which fill our misty eyes with the grass-stains of boyhood! We too in America wear spotless white on First Communion mornings and always smudge our knees before

the time. Yesterday our mothers also smiled at those stubborn stains still visible in treasure chests, but not at those we have today. Grease and blood are not grass, and the hellish game we play today is not the children's romp of yesterday. Please, Father, put on the black. The iron hearse waits for its chauffeur. Thank you, mon Pere.

I slowly open my eyes and look about. The sun streams through the palmettos over head, sopping up the shadows in the bunkers around us. Far to the left, the break-waters almost inaudibly thresh against the soft sand.

Our chaplain adjusts his black chasuble and turns to us: "*Dominus vobiscum.*" "With your spirit," but hang on a minute, Padre. This solidity of khaki moving around me like the whisper of waving wheat is not the flex and fall of people in pews. Where are your pews, your people? Where is the flush pink of marble I see, and the delicate tinkle of the Sanctus bell? This is Guam, not France. Why not Cleveland? Yes, I'm sure it must be Cleveland, for I hear the boom and toll of its bells on bright and sad occasions. There is the odor and closeness of people about me—my fellow parishioners, no doubt. The smell of incense on hot Sunday afternoons is stifling and oppressive, not heady and seductive as it is in our clean jungle air. There are fetters and angel wings about me. The crushing and uplifting things—a muttering woman fingering a rosary, a whimpering child, a gentle nun, a world-weary altar-boy. Be sensible, Father, you can't find these things in the South Pacific.

Orate Fratres. Okay, sky-pilot, have it your own way. Where have I heard that gag-line before? Was it at Minsky's? And gee, Padre, wouldn't the *Adoro Te* the choir's giving out make a swell jitterbug tune? You don't think so, Father?

I'm sorry. K Ration makes me think of the oddest things.

Not enough men at Mass this morning, Padre. What's the trouble? I know. They just don't give a d—. What's wrong with Christ's flesh? Same flesh it was two-thousand years ago. I don't get it. Somebody's a cookie, and it's not me.

The gold chalice quivers aloft, glistening in the sun-light.

Father, why is it that only you and the jungle birds can see the blood of Christ? Now what the Church of Rome needs is a good transparent chalice. Think I'll go into plastics after the war.

No flowers on our altar today, Padre, or any day for that matter. Flowers all around us, you say? Oh, yes. I never thought of that. Lots of flowers—jungle orchids, acacias and rot-weed. And, Father, how about some of those our men bring here tenderly enfolded in gauze? You know, the fiery red and deep blue shrapnel-wound variety. Very pretty, aren't they, Father? Don't you think they would look extra nice on the bare shoulders of a munition-maker's daughter at her coming-out party?

Padre does not answer, but merely opens the ciborium. Awkwardly, some of our men file up for communion, perhaps, the way they did for their first rendezvous with Christ years ago. Others fold their hands like nuns. I too go up.

Flesh of my Christ engulf me and them. Engulf all our men. Those who say filthy words in triumph and despair, and even in death. They know not what they do.

Ita missa est and we are blessed. *In hoc signo crucis.* We shall triumph in the sign of the Cross, although 5,000,000 of us carry the cross of rifle and saber. Down the portals of time and eternity, across mainlands, jungles and deserts—

PRICELESS



IVORY



Ivory dishes, ladles, spoons, knives, and hairpins of great beauty are found in this valuable collection in the American Museum of Natural History, New York. Photos are from the Museum.

Agnes Curtis

IN THE Museum of Natural History, New York City, is a rare collection of carved ivory which, at one time, belonged to the great chief Okondo of the Congo. Now carvings like these are the cherished possessions of an African chief and are to them what the crown jewels are to so-called civilized potentates. They are the emblems of rank and power. All ivory, by right, belongs to the chief and is used by him alone or by those to whom he has presented such objects. The artists who design and make the carvings are under the immediate protection of the chief and form a very definite part of his retinue.

When the chief dies, custom demands that his residence and all his property be destroyed. Thus there are no old ivory carvings in existence. Never again will there be a collection like this.

Now how did it happen that the great chief Okondo parted with his priceless ivory? It was this way. Not so long ago, Herbert Lang led an expedition into the Congo. For some unknown reason, chief Okondo suddenly became superstitious about his collection. He must place it in other hands or some terrible disaster would befall him. A short time later, chief Okondo did die and all his territory was divided among a number of small, less powerful chieftains. However, the priceless

ivory could not be destroyed because it now belonged to the Museum of Natural History.

All the carvings have been done with a long-handled, curved knife. Among the collection are dishes used to hold oil for the baths. They have been made out of solid blocks of ivory and fashioned into various forms. Two of them have been carved out of diseased ivory, thus greatly increasing their value.

The elaborate head dress of these people is greatly enhanced by beautiful ivory combs. The artists decide on a design only after they have discussed the matter pro and con as to the tastes of the prospective wearers.

The rings of all shapes and sizes are calculated to fit the largest and the smallest fingers.

It takes great skill to carve out hair pins and hat pins because being so fragile, they break very easily. Those with the round concave disks are used by the men to fasten their four-cornered hats in place while the hair pins furnish lovely decorations for the women's hair.

The chief's ivory trumpets are a marvelous creation of artistic skill. They are covered all over with different kinds of scenes depicting the lives and habits of his people.

The drinking horns used only by the chief during ceremonies are made of two horns of the forest antelope, the openings of which have been cemented with pitch and have been fastened together with bands of wrought iron passed red hot over buffalo horn which blackens, making the iron itself nearly rust proof.

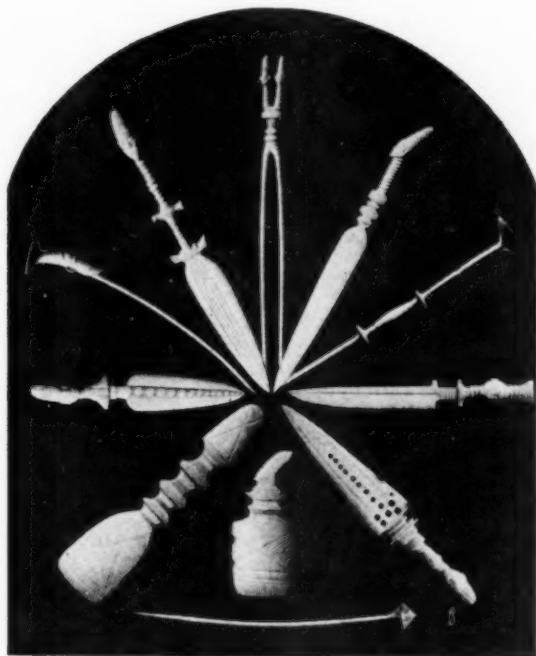
The miniature canoes are charming with human heads and buffalo heads at the bow. The stern shows less pretentious outlines. The ivory paddles are short and clumsy.

This collection contains several delicately-carved boxes for holding medicine and also receptacles for the ashes of creatures and plants.

Here are also ladles of various patterns for stirring or serving mush prepared from bananas, millet, or sorghum flour.

Little ivory figures satisfy the artistic sense of these people. They represent men, women, and children and also animals and birds. Even the large hunting knives, of a purely utilitarian character, have big ivory handles.

Since the native artists have seen only the simplest spoons and forks used by the white men in Africa, their imitation of those implements are most remarkable. In fact, some critics have declared that the African artists have done a better piece of work than the white man has.





The Sentinel of Switzerland

Marieta Benziger

HAVE you heard of Nikolaus von der Flue? Few Americans know anything about him. Yet in Switzerland his picture hangs in every home. He is popular with all creeds. He reassures his countrymen that they will be spared the ravages of war, as long as they turn to God for help. For the past five years, ever since Hitler's threat of turning the Swiss Republic into his Third Reich, Nikolaus has been busier than ever. Taking care of Swiss affairs of state has become a sort of habit. Countless Swiss have testified under oath, that they have seen him and heard him promise that he'd protect their country from the horrible ravages of war. Nikolaus von der Flue has always kept his word, so naturally his popularity is phenomenal.

This national hero, who is looked upon as the saviour of his country is by no means a statesman or general. Nikolaus is an honest to goodness farmer. Because war and the clouds of war were constantly darkening the Swiss horizon Nikolaus spent a great part of his life as a simple soldier. There was nothing he loved more than his home, but from the time he was nineteen till he was forty-three he was busier fighting wars than guiding the plow. There was nothing he hated more than war, because he felt it was a futile method in which to avenge wrongs, yet he took part in eight different wars. He was convinced that wars could be avoided by stringent laws and preventive measures, and by curbing war-thirsty leaders.

To hear the Swiss talk it seemed that Nikolaus was someone we ought to consult. For they had their Dumbarton Oaks back in 1481—when Nikolaus saved the Swiss Republic from a civil war and laid down a nine-point rule, which has been strictly adhered to for 464 years.

Nikolaus von der Flue was born on March 21, 1417, on the Flüeli, a fertile plateau near Sachseln, in the Canton of Obwalden. The name Flüeli meant near the cliff. His parents were well known farmers, and little Klaus (as he was to be known from then on) wanted for nothing. As soon as he was old enough he followed his father to the fields. There was the grass to be mown, the hay to stack, the fields to plow, to fertilize and plant. When the Föhn wind with its warm breath blew away the snow, and the first crocuses and snow-bells carpeted the brown earth, Klaus knew it would soon

be time to take the coffee colored cattle to the High Alps. Then around the neck of each cow was hung a hugh bronze bell. The womenfolk and babies were left behind for the entire summer, while Klaus and the herdsmen busily churned butter and made the year's supply of cheese. During the autumn months Klaus would row half away across the Lake of Sarnen, teeming with fish, and surprise his mother with his catch. Klaus was the type of child who, anxious to please his parents, never lost sight of their needs or wants.

Klaus one day was asked by his mother if he did not wish to study for the priesthood. She was sure he would be a priest. His brothers and companions often spoke of how he'd slip behind the hazel bush to pray, or be found on his knees in the hay loft. Far from making him unpopular, others

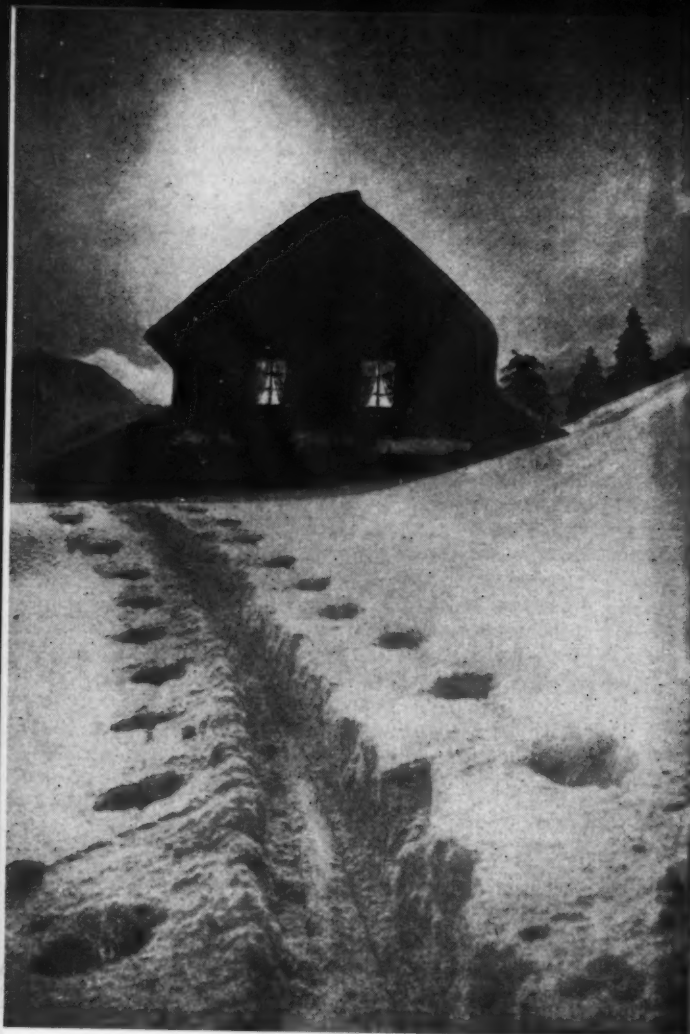
respected and admired his spiritual tendencies. Yet no one had ever been able to reproach him in his work, nor was he slow in having fun. Klaus was the best dancer; he could spin the girls like a top when he waltzed. When he yodeled he won all contests and his voice carried farthest when at sunset he used the alpine horn. Klaus's mother was never again to refer to this matter. Klaus was grieved beyond words. How could he—a simple farmer—aspire to so high a dignity? He was unworthy to be either a scholar or a priest. He could neither

read nor write; all he hoped to be was an honest, kindly farmer, like his father.

Klaus had come into the world during troubled times. Shortly before his birth, his father had fought to bring the Canton of Argau into the Confederation. He was barely five when his father left to attack Bellinzona. Four thousand Swiss had participated in storming the walls of that town, thus opening up the Tessin. Once again the St. Gothard Pass could become the great trade route leading to Rome. Klaus had been spared the horrors of war until 1436. When he was nineteen, he heard the frightening clang of the tocsin calling to battle. The bells of every church were to peal the call to arms; Klaus strode off at the side of his father. Together they fought the Battle of Zurich. From then on the prospects of an early peace completely vanished. In 1439 there was the Battle of Mount Etzel. When Klaus returned home, his popularity amongst the troops had become so

THE MARCH GRAIL

The regular issue of THE GRAIL for March will be mailed to all subscribers. In addition to the regular issue THE GRAIL is publishing a supplement of 128 pages on the subject of Vocations. This will not be mailed to the regular subscribers unless they request it. The price is 25¢ a copy, or five for a dollar. If you have children or friends confronted with the need for vocational helps, this supplement, "Follow Christ," may be the thing. Order from THE GRAIL, St. Meinrad, Indiana.



Paul's Photos—

Spotless are the snows of winter that mantle the peaks and mountain slopes around this sturdy Swiss chalet.

great that he was voted Cantonal councillor and judge. After three years of semi-peace he crossed the Lake of Lucerne and with his compatriots fought at Baar, in the Canton of Zug. A few months later war with Zurich had to be resumed and only ended with the capture of that city. By 1446 Klaus was a captain leading his regiment in the battle of Ragatz.

Though the parents of Klaus had hoped that he would settle down on the farm and marry, it was not until he was thirty that he courted a very beautiful young girl. Dorothea Wissin, who lived on the other side of the Lake of Sarnen in the meadows of Schwendi, had all the charming qualities any earthly courtier could desire. Klaus found

no difficulty in wooing her and bringing her back as bride. His parents built for him, on their farm, a lovely home. It was here that a year later, little Hans was born. From then on, the wooden carved crib was rarely empty. Ten babies in all, five boys and five girls helped make Klaus's home an ideally happy one.

War being no respecter of person, in 1450 Klaus had to bid farewell to his little three-year-old Heine and a baby in arms. Being an officer he was obliged to give good example and promptly obey the call. This time the battle was fought outside of Switzerland. The town of Nuremberg needed helpers, and the Swiss having pledged their aid had to keep their word. For three months there was fighting in the battle fields. The scorched earth method quickly achieved success. Thirty-two towns and villages were set on fire. The dreaded Swiss soldiers won another victory and returned home to rest on their laurels.

For ten long years there was really peace. Klaus's family grew. Around the highly polished walnut table, before their steaming bowls of oatmeal soup and hunks of cheese, waited nine little hungry mouths. The noise of wooden sandals across the hall notified them that their kindly father had come to join them. It was he who said the grace. It was their mother who blessed the round loaf of home-made bread, tracing a cross as she cut it into four quarters, thus daily carrying out an old custom.

There were certain days each week when Klaus was not home. As cantonal councillor and judge he had to walk to the distant town of Sarnen. There the men of the Canton met the last Sunday of April to elect their magistrates. This position Klaus was to hold for twenty years. He had become the champion for the poor and the oppressed. Political corruption was prevalent, Klaus struggled with every ounce of energy in trying to convince his colleagues of their responsibility before God and man. Bribery continued to be used to sway the votes of some.

Klaus had vowed that nothing in the world would ever induce him again to take up arms. He'd seen enough of war and the horrors of death and destruction. In 1460 he was offered no alternative. His military superiors sent orders. He had to obey. This time leaving home was harder than ever. Four thousand Swiss marched into Thurgau

against Archduke Sigismund of Austria. To pillage and destroy by fire and sword was the order of the day. The Rhine had been crossed and Diesenhofen captured. The Swiss troops were storming the old Dominican Convent of St. Kathariental. Klaus, as captain of his regiment saw what was to happen. He ordered his men back; the hundreds of women and children who had sought refuge there were saved, as was the old convent, which has stood for over four hundred years as mute testimony of Klaus's intervention. This time when Klaus returned home, he made it known that never again would he take part in any war. There were other ways and means of settling disputes.

As local judge Klaus was often chosen as mediator. His wise counsel and his sense of justice carried great weight. A few words after hearing the evidence usually settled disputes that had dragged on for years. One very famous case was being tried in the Sarnen Rathaus. It was between a

rich farmer and a poor peasant. The defendant claimed the land on which he had built belonged to him, for he had bought it. The poor peasant explained how because of the failure of crops and in need of money, he had borrowed from the rich neighbor. As security the creditor demanded a patch of land which would be returned, once the loan had been settled. Instead he had, as soon as the transaction had taken place, begun to build on the land. Now the peasant wanted the return of his lands as he had paid back his loan. The rich farmer had no intention of doing this. The matter was brought before the court for settlement. In Klaus's mind there was no doubt as to who was right in this dispute. Klaus was greatly shocked when he realized that the judges, in whose hands the decision lay, were about to pronounce in favor of the rich man. Angrily he proclaimed before a crowded courtroom that justice was neither to be bought nor sold. Right was right, evil should not



The Utoquai is one of the beautiful lake promenades at Zurich.

Paul's Photos—

triumph. Klaus waited to see the effects of his words. In matters of justice he had been able to sway his colleagues; this time laughter and sneers greeted his plea. Trickery and bribery had won the day. Tearing off his judicial robes he stormed out of the imposing hall, vowing never again to set foot within its walls. Thus somewhat hastily ended twenty years of service to the state.

From then on Klaus was never quite the same man. He returned to his farm in the Flüeli a saddened and disillusioned man. Klaus had had a habit of slipping out from time to time and spending the night in the open. His wife knew of his longing for solitude, and the great open spaces seemed to draw him. Now all of a sudden, things seemed to have changed. Staying out until the early hours of dawn became a nightly habit. After a long day's work in the fields—catching at the most an hour or two of sleep before milking time seemed to impair his robust health. Something had happened to sadden Klaus. The cheery laughter and the carefree mood which had characterized him gave way to restless silence. Dorothea longed to help, they had always shared each other's joys and sorrows.

Dorothea could not leave the children alone. It was then that she called upon Hans, the oldest boy to help. She felt it was no longer safe to let the father of so large a family face inclement weather. Neither rain nor snow kept him home. On one such night with the wind howling and the snow falling fast, Hans followed his father. He could barely keep up with Klaus's rapid pace. He wondered what could induce anyone at that hour of the night to climb down the steep and dangerous path which evidently lead to the Ranft. On reaching the edge of the ravine Klaus stopped, looked around the little meadow skirted by the glacial Melcha River. The hush of snow had silenced even the rushing mountain torrent. Klaus knelt on the carpet of soft snow and buried his head in prayer. Hans propped against a pine tree wondered and waited. The hours slipped by. The lad was cold, his father looked more like a marble statue blanketed in snow. Frightened, he finally shook his father. Klaus merely surprised, but not displeased wondered what had happened. He explained how ever since he had been a child he had been drawn to this spot.

Not long after this Klaus told his wife that God was asking of both of them a sacrifice. He made known to her what he felt was a Divine inspiration. After living together in happy wedlock for twenty years, he was to renounce home and family and lead the life of a hermit, entirely devoted to prayer.

Dorothea, whose married life had been so ideally happy, was heartbroken. Life to her without Klaus at her side to guide and assist her, seemed an impossibility. After the birth of their tenth child, little Klaus, on July 14, they both decided to go to the shrine of Our Lady of Einsiedeln to ask for help and guidance. That pilgrimage was the turning point in the lives of both. Both were asked to make the supreme sacrifice of self. Both freely and willingly acquiesced. Our Lady had made manifest to them what was God's will. At her feet they found the strength and the grace to say their "FIAT"—without ever turning back on the promise made to God.

To the world-



ly-wise Klaus was a fool. Who had ever heard of the father of ten abandoning them to fate, so as to embrace the life of a hermit? Here indeed was selfishness personified! Not one kindly word of encouragement helped Klaus over the last difficult weeks. Having finally made up his mind and renouncing his own will, the cloud of darkness that had so depressed him vanished. Peace and happiness once

again radiated as Klaus went about making the final preparations, teaching his eldest son to take his place as head of the family. Klaus put on the hermit's woolen garb which his wife had woven specially for him. Around his waist he tied a rope, in his hand he held his rosary. Barefooted and bareheaded he went

Boys of the famous Gruyer country are proud of their singing in the costume festival.

Paul's Photos—



towards
Alsace, hoping
to join a fervent group
of hermits. Klaus bade fare-
well forever to his beautiful home,
to the comforts which had surrounded him,
to the security which money brought him. Hardest
of all had been the breaking away from his won-
derful wife and his darling children. There are
some things in life which are best left unexplained.
This was one such incident. At that moment it
was best to blindly trust God's motive and ask for
no reason.

The countryside was familiar to Klaus. How
often had he not tramped across this land with the
triumphant Swiss army? Now there was one
thought uppermost in his mind, to accomplish God's

will. He had a favorite prayer of his, which he
had been saying for years. Now it became a sort
of ejaculation, a sort of inward cry: "Dear God,
do with me anything You wish; whatever You
want, that will I gladly do." The journey was
almost over. Two more days and he'd find a rest-
ing place. The sun had set, he had still nine miles
before reaching Bale. As he climbed to a hilltop
he saw the town of Liestal on fire. Spellbound
Klaus watched. Then he realized this was not a
conflagration; it was a warning from God to turn
back. He asked a nearby farmer for shelter for
the night. The next morning found Klaus retrac-
ing his steps. He chose by-ways instead of high-
ways. He preferred not to be seen. He never
stopped till late one evening he reached his own
home on the Flüeli. If he heard the barking of the
dogs or the cry of a child in the night, he kept
right on. Once again God had given him a light;
this time he knew what was wanted of him. Up
and down that familiar trail which led to the
Ranft, away from the sight of man, there in the
lonely solitude of the alpine forests he would wor-
ship his Maker.

The damp, cold October fogs made no impression
on Klaus. He was very happy. No one had sus-
pected he had been there for over two weeks, when
some huntsmen watering their horses stumbled
right into the hermit. One of them was Klaus's
own brother. Horrified at the pitiful sight he saw,
he invited Klaus to come home. Klaus refused.
From then on there was little peace. Relatives and
friends came down the steep and dangerous trail
to force Klaus to be sensible. He was too far away
from civilization. It would be impossible to secure
food during the winter months. Klaus explained
there was no need for earthly food, as long as he
could receive Holy Communion once a month. God
would care for him.

From one of the neighbors Klaus borrowed an
axe and saw. He chopped down some logs, built
himself a little hut, such as he had often made for
his cattle. He stuffed the cracks with moss and
made himself a wooden crucifix before which he
knelt for hours on end.

Several months had passed, months of heavenly
peace and silence. Snow drifts had closed all en-
trance to the little meadow of the Ranft. During
the long winter nights gossip had been rife. Either
Brother Klaus (as he was now called) would be
found frozen and starved to death, or he had been
kept alive by his family secretly feeding him. Some
of the judges, who had somewhat guilty consciences
were delighted at the opportunity of pinning a
dishonest deed on Klaus. Apparently he was mere-

ly another charlatan expecting to fool the public. He was using the cloak of sanctity as a means of notoriety and publicity. The civil authorities could easily put a stop to this trickery and the imposter would be exposed at his own game. For thirty days guards were posted throughout the countryside. A cordon was drawn around the Ranft. Klaus became a prisoner within his own green valley, in his own hermitage.

The report handed in to the civil authorities was in favor of Klaus. His would-be jailers had become ardent admirers. They could testify that for thirty days neither food nor drink had passed the lips of Brother Klaus. They had seen him spend long hours in ardent prayer, nor had his spirituality in the least dimmed his charity or cheerfulness. His former colleagues, ashamed of their shabby treatment, of their own dishonesty, wished to make amends. At their own expense they offered to build him a hermitage and a chapel, where unmolested he might continue his life of prayer and penance. Deeply touched at their solicitude Klaus consented, on one condition. The chapel could be as beautiful as they wished; it should be a worthy and fitting abode for the King of kings. For himself a simple hut would suffice, with a board for bed, a stone for pillow and a window looking on to the altar of the little chapel, so that night and day he could keep watch with the Silent Sentinel of the Altar.

Soon the Ranft became a center of activity. Townsfolk and farmers vied with one another in transporting lumber, chopping, sawing, hammering and mixing plaster. During the commotion Klaus slipped away to make a pilgrimage of thanksgiving to Our Lady of Einsiedeln. It is said that during the two days it took to reach her shrine, he became so engrossed in meditating on the "Our Father," that he had not even time to say a Hail Mary.

By August 13, 1468, Brother Klaus was quite at home in his little hermitage, and very proud of the beautiful chapel. On that day he heard the alarmbells of the distant churches, hammering the tocsin. Klaus prayed all the harder. He was interrupted by a breathless messenger. "Come quick. Save us, Sarnen is on fire, the entire town is threatened." The hermit followed the frightened messenger. As they climbed the mountain, at his feet he saw the valley and Sarnen in flames. He went no further. A crowd of womenfolk and children were crying. Klaus raised his hands and eyes to heaven, made a huge Sign of the Cross, as if to embrace the city, then fell on his knees. Almost instantly, as if some invisible cloud had quenched them, the flames subsided. Those present, amazed

at the wonder, crowded around Brother Klaus, praising and thanking him. Klaus was deeply hurt to feel that these people should think that it was he who had done anything. Sharply he rebuked them, "Give God the honor and thank Him. Give to God your praise, not to me," and then hurriedly he left for his hermitage.

April 29, 1469, was a red letter day, not only for Brother Klaus, but for all of the Canton of Obwalden. Bishop Thomas Weldner, Vicar General of Constance, had come to dedicate the chapel in the Ranft. His Excellency seemed much surprised to find so beautiful a chapel in the honor of Our Lady in so secluded a spot. Still greater was his astonishment when he beheld the poverty stricken cell which was the hermitage. The Vicar General coldly reminded Klaus, that as a layman he had no special powers nor real approval of the Church on his queer mode of living and that he owed obedience in the slightest matters to his ecclesiastical superiors. The Bishop then bade Klaus eat of the bread and drink of the wine he placed before him.

For over a year and a half he had no bodily food of any kind. Docile and submissive to the command of the bishop he ate some of the bread, but with the greatest of difficulty. When he tried to drink the wine, he became so violently ill that for several days his health was despaired of. Never again was ecclesiastical or civil authority to doubt the authenticity of Klaus's fasting. For twenty years, until his death, that fast was to be unbroken.

Though Klaus had picked out a hidden and unknown valley, the path that led to the Ranft was to become a much traveled road. Kings, princes, rich, poor, statesmen, doctors, lawyers, all sought the hermit. No matter who came, whether a Cardinal or the child of a neighbor, all were treated with the same kindness, and the patient ear of Brother Klaus hearing all, tried to aid all with spiritual advice. He had the gift of prophecy, and his prayers were so efficacious that all of central Europe was soon talking of him, and men of all nationalities sought his council. By 1470, when a document prepared by the Swiss government as a historical record to be preserved for all times was brought for safe-keeping in the archives of Stans, a scribe was sent to Brother Klaus to read it to him and seek his advice. Many battles and many wars were averted. Secret emissaries were sent by Europe's rulers, and a simple, unlettered hermit sent back ways and means to settle peacefully weighty problems of state.

By 1481 Switzerland was on the verge of civil

war. The Cantons of Fribourg and Solothurn wished to join the Confederation. There were two opposing factions: the Cantons with a rural population and Cantons with many towns. The Rural Cantons wished neither Fribourg nor Solothurn, and the Canton of Obwalden was foremost in the fight. For months there had been brawls and discussions, until at last a conference was called to be held in the town of Stans. Each Canton sent its emissaries. For three days and three nights every possible angle had been under discussion in the hopes of avoiding war. The conference was broken up with no solution having been reached. The exhausted men went to bed that night with weary hearts. Everyone knew it would be but a matter of days, if not hours, before war once again wrecked their peaceful land.

The parish priest of Stans knew what war would mean, he had had enough of bloodshed and fighting. Why could not his people live in Christlike

friendliness? Seizing his storm torch, throwing his cloak around his shoulders he faced a raging blizzard to walk for three hours to the cell in the Ranft. Few men would have had the courage of Father Imgrund. Hurriedly he explained what had happened. Quickly and with as few words as possible Klaus stressed essential points, both men knowing time was short. Peace could only be secured if all the emissaries were contacted and one more general meeting held.

At dawn Father Imgrund reached Stans. Horses were already being saddled, while in some of the Inns others were still asleep. "Ring the church bell," shouted Father Imgrund; "let no one leave till we once more assemble in the Rathaus. Brother Klaus has sent us a message." Thus it was that the delegates of the Swiss cantons met again, and were given the hermit's counsels and propositions. Civil war was averted. The Diet of Stans became one of the great historical turning-points. Brother

Klaus had triumphed, prayer and meditation proved more effective than the sword and fire.

For twenty years Brother Klaus was to live in the Ranft hermitage. On his 70th birthday, March 21, 1487, as simply as he had lived, so did he slip away to the arms of God. Dying could not have been difficult for Brother Klaus; he died daily to self. Daily he fingered his beads, saying throughout his life thousands of *Ave's*. His petition to Mary to "pray for us now and at the hour of our death" was not to be overlooked. Once again he had whispered his favorite prayer, his final fiat:

"Take, O God, from me, what turns me away from You.

Give me, O God, that which will always turn me to You.

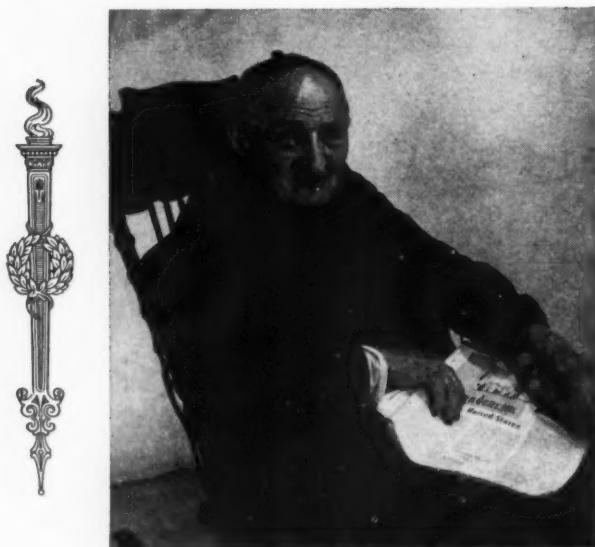
Take, O God, my own self and make me wholly Yours."

Thus ended Brother Klaus's earthly existence. His work was to be ageless. His prayers, his warnings, his nine-point program was to become a priceless heritage to the people of Switzerland.



The Gnadenkapelle at Einsiedeln, where St. Nikolaus prayed.

ECHOES FROM OUR ABBEY HALLS



Brother Philip, O.S.B.

Seventy Years of Monastic Life

ALMOST every year brings with it a jubilee for one or more of the Fathers and Brothers of our community. Of most frequent occurrence are, of course, the silver jubilees of profession and ordination. Golden jubilees come less often; and of still more rare occurrence are the diamond jubilees. But on December 24, 1944, we had a jubilee of jubilees. It was the seventieth anniversary of profession celebrated by our venerable senior brother, Brother Philip Ketterer, O.S.B. Luckily, the Vigil of Christmas fell on a Sunday this year, so there was no need to postpone the observance of the great event.

At the Offertory of the Solemn Conventual Mass at which Father Abbot assisted from the throne, Brother Philip renewed his vows, using the formula shown elsewhere on this page:

"What I, Brother Philip Ketterer, vowed and promised seventy years ago in honor of Almighty God, of the Blessed Virgin Mary, and of our holy Father Benedict, that I

today with the help of divine mercy vow, profess, and promise anew: stability, conversion of my morals, poverty, chastity, and obedience according to the Rule of the holy Father Benedict, before God and His Saints, whose relics are in this monastery of St. Meinrad, in the presence of the Right Reverend Father and Lord in Christ, Ignatius, Abbot of this monastery, and before the Reverend Fathers and Venerable Brothers here present. In the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost. Amen." Then Brother sang the triple "*Sciscipe*," obtained the special blessing for jubilarians, and finally received the "kiss of peace" from all his confreres assembled in the sanctuary. Following the Mass all the monks gave thanks to God for this memorable event in the words of the well-known hymn "Holy God."

At noon a festive meal was served in the Abbey refectory with Brother Philip seated at Father Abbot's table as the guest of honor. Since Brother is a great lover of flowers,

the refectory and tables were gaily decorated with beautiful poinsettias and special bouquets of roses. Instead of the usual table reading the Lector gave us a short account of Brother's seventy years of monastic life and naively reminded us of the fact that for him jubilees are becoming a rather common occurrence. In five more years he should be ready for another! "Colloquium" followed for the monks. At the end of the meal Father Abbot offered the venerable jubilarian his own congratulations as well as those of the whole community. As a climax to the celebration he read a letter from the Apostolic Delegate, The Most Rev. Amleto G. Cicognani, D.D., extending to Brother Philip a special blessing from the Holy Father, Pope Pius XII, on the occasion of his jubilee.

Brother Philip was born at Sasbach, Germany, on February 3, 1857. At the age of sixteen he came to America with the express purpose of joining the monastery at St. Meinrad, which had just recently been elevated to the rank of an Abbey. It was on May 19, 1873, after a trip of more than 5000 miles, that Brother Philip and two compatriots arrived at St. Meinrad's Abbey, then consisting of three large frame structures, exclusive of the farm buildings. At that time the basement of the first stone monastery to be built on the present Abbey site was in process of construction. Consequently, Brother has seen the development of all that we now call St. Meinrad. Upon his arrival the new candidate was put to work in the extensive Abbey corn fields. The year of his novitiate was spent laboring for God and his brethren in the monastic kitchen, a work to which he was to give almost forty years of his life as a Brother.

On December 24, 1874, along with six companions, Brother Philip made his profession before Prior Fintan Mundwiler, O.S.B., who gave the newly professed the names of the seven martyred sons of St. Felicitas: Januarius, Felix, Philip, Silvan, Alexander, Vital, and Martial. In the early days at St. Meinrad it was

customary for the Abbot to decide which of the novices should become priests and which brothers. Thus it was that though Brother Philip's ambition was to be a priest, he was selected for the brotherhood instead. Of the novitiate group of seven, three became priests and four brothers.

It was during Brother Philip's year of novitiate, September 8, 1874, to be exact, that the monks at St. Meinrad moved into the new Abbey buildings which were to be destroyed thirteen years later in the disastrous fire of 1887. In 1878, after four years of work in the kitchen, Brother Philip was sent to Standing Rock, N. D., with two companions to labor for the Indians. There he remained for three years until the arrival of Father Chrysostom Foffa, O.S.B., who then took charge of the mission. Returning to the Abbey in 1881, he had but two years to wait until an assignment took him to St. Peter's Church at Belleville, Illinois, at that time in charge of the Benedictine Fathers from St. Meinrad. For almost five years Brother labored at the future cathedral as sacristan and caretaker of the rectory. After a brief period spent at the Abbey he went back to the Indian Missions in 1889, this time to Stephan, S. D., for six years of labor. Then followed another brief stay at St. Meinrad before he was sent to Jasper, Ind., in 1896, to take care of Father Fidelis, the pastor, who was confined to his bed by grave illness.

In 1899 he came home to St. Meinrad to a job that was to demand all his efforts and energies for the next thirty-four years—that of chief cook in the Abbey kitchen, where he prepared the meals for the student body as well as for the monastic community. Many a young lad grew into sturdy manhood at St. Meinrad on the nourishing food that Brother Philip prepared during those years, and many a member of the community has received his strength to serve God through the three daily meals that Brother served him. In 1933 Brother Philip received a "Well done thou good and faithful servant" from his superiors for his years of untiring service in the kitchen, and the following year

he was assigned to less arduous duties at Marmion Military Academy, Aurora, Ill. But because his health was not so good, Brother remained at Marmion only one year as sacristan and caretaker.

Since his return home in 1935, Brother Philip has again been engaged in kitchen and refectory work. At present his principal job is to collect and wash the knives, forks, and spoons used three times daily in the monastic refectory. For the rest of the day he busies himself with his flowers in the courtyard or at prayer in the Brothers' Oratory

or in the Abbey Church. Brother has a very great devotion to the Rosary and he is seldom seen without it. Even while at work it is not unusual to find him with his beads wrapped around one of his hands. This year as heretofore his days preceding Christmas were spent in erecting the beautiful Christmas Crib in the Brothers' Oratory. So it is quite evident that even after seventy years of monastic life Brother Philip is still on the job, an inspiration to all his brethren, and their living link with the early monks at St. Meinrad.





LITTLE QUEEN

Mary Fabyan Windeatt

Illustrated by Elaine Davis

CHAPTER ELEVEN

SINCE my entrance as a postulant I had been given a variety of tasks. Sweeping, weeding in the garden, working in the linen room, the refectory and sacristy, painting, writing verses, taking messages from visitors who came to the monastery on business. Suddenly a far more important task was mine, and I lost no time in asking the Heavenly Father for His help. In spirit I threw myself into His arms, like a little child terrified by some fear who hides his head on his father's shoulder.

"My Saviour," I said, "You see that I cannot feed your children. If You will to give each what she needs, then fill my hand. Without leaving Your arms, without even turning my head, I shall distribute Your treasures to each soul that comes to me for food. When she finds it according to her taste, she will be indebted to You and not to me. If she finds the nourishment bitter and complains, that will not disturb my peace. I shall try to persuade her that it comes from You, and shall avoid seeking any other for her."

With this prayer on my lips, I entered upon the task assigned to me. Five young girls were in the Novitiate, and it was my duty to see that they understood the meaning of the Carmelite vocation, that they were faithful to the graces given them.

From the beginning I impressed upon these charges that they could progress rapidly in the spiritual life if they thought of themselves as children—*very little children*. They were to put themselves in the arms of the Heavenly Father as I had done. They were not to worry about anything, even as a tiny child is without worries when he feels his father's arms about him. Very soon they would see how such confidence was repaid.

"This is the Little Way to Heaven," I told them. "This is the way that anyone can become a saint."

Although I had made my Profession over two years ago, I remained with the postulants and novices in the Novitiate. Everyone understood that I was only an assistant to Mother Mary Gonzaga, that there was no need to be afraid of me, and so I was treated as a friend and older sister instead of as a superior. From the beginning I found that there was much to do, if the five girls under my care were to be properly trained, and so I set about the task of explaining the Little Way as best I could.

This abandonment of oneself as a child into the arms of the Heavenly Father seemed rather strange advice to some of the novices. Surely it was not the way to become a saint. It was too simple, too easy.

"The Little Way is simple, but it is not always easy," I said. "If you follow it, it means giving up your pride. Nothing is harder than that."

There was some disagreement on this point. One novice suggested that the way to become a saint

is to say long prayers, to perform difficult sacrifices. To prove her point, she mentioned several holy men and women who had spent their lives in just such a manner. Now they were canonized saints.

"That's true," I said. "These good souls went to God the great way. But too many people will never be able to imitate them. For such as these, the Little Way is best."

Presently I was asked how I had chanced upon the Little Way. I smiled at the question, for the answer did not lie in learned books or sermons but in the days of my babyhood.

"When I was learning to walk, I found it hard to climb the stairs," I said. "I would manage to get up one step, then call to my mother. Unless she answered 'Yes, darling', I would lose confidence and try no more. But as soon as she spoke these words, I would joyfully climb to the next step. This would be repeated until I had climbed all the steps and was in my mother's arms."

The novices were puzzled. What had such a story to do with the Little Way? Then I told my secret. Climbing stairs is hard for small children but it is always easy to be *carried* to the top!

"Raise your foot in an attempt to mount the stairway of sanctity," I said, "but do not imagine that you will be able to go up even the first step. God only asks for your good intentions. At the top of this stairway, He watches you lovingly. Soon His love will be conquered by your vain efforts and He will come down Himself to carry you up in His arms."

So we set about our Little Way together, the novices and I, without any trust in our own powers but relying solely on the strength of our Heavenly Father. We tried to be as much like little children as possible, and, since we were Carmelites, we obeyed our Rule even in trifles. If the bell for prayers rang while we were in the midst of some task, we stopped immediately. If we did not particularly enjoy the company of some Sister, we never showed it. We were even more pleasant to her than to those who attracted us. As a result, we never had to search for means of sacrifice, for they were everywhere about us—ready to be used for the salvation of sinners.

"Since we have placed ourselves in the arms of the Heavenly Father, we must go where He takes us," I said. "Let us always remember this, that we have no will but His. Then nothing can hurt or worry us."

For me, the Little Way was a delight. It meant that I took no credit for any good I was able to accomplish, for any talent I might possess. These

were treasures which God had placed in my hand but which were always His. It meant that when I failed in some undertaking, there was no need to be discouraged. Children often fall, but they are too small to hurt themselves seriously. Because I was a child who had given my heart to Him, the Heavenly Father would overlook all my failings.

It was in February, 1893, that I began my work with the novices. A few months later came a piece of news for which I had prayed long and hard. Leonie announced that she was going to make a second attempt at becoming a religious. This time she would go to the Visitation nuns in Caen.

How happy I was that one of the most important petitions made on Profession Day had been granted at last! Of course it was not easy to say good-bye to my beloved sister. Since she was entering a cloistered Order, she would never be able to visit me again. But our hearts were not sad for long, as both of us realized that the present trial would be generously rewarded in Heaven, rewarded far beyond our fondest hopes and dreams.

After Leonie's departure I had the chance to offer still another sacrifice to God. This occurred when Papa was brought to the monastery for a visit with Marie, Pauline and me. We had not seen our good father for several years, since he had been living in an institution, but some time ago he had returned to Lisieux and now was living with Celine.

How my heart ached as I looked at Papa! His hair was pure white, his shoulders bent with age. And he did not seem to recognize his Little Queen! His eyes were glazed and he could not speak clearly. All he could do was point a trembling hand upwards and mumble two words:

"In Heaven . . . in Heaven . . ."

I understood, and so did my sisters. Some day Papa would meet us in Paradise. The veil now clouding his mind would be gone forever, and we would be united in unending bliss. Mama would be with us, too, and those four little ones of our family who had died as babies. What happiness for all of us then!

First, however, there must be some suffering, and Papa's portion came to an end on July 29, 1894, when he was not quite seventy-one years old. Celine was the only one of us who could attend the funeral, and naturally she was a little lonely afterwards. Of the five living children of the Martin family, she was the only one remaining in the world.

"Don't worry," I said. "Soon you will come to Carmel, too."

Celine was not sure. She was attracted to the

religious life, but did she belong in Carmel? Would she be able to follow such a rigorous Rule? Above all, would the nuns look favorably upon the reception of a fourth member of the same family?

This latter objection was not without grounds. Pauline, as Prioress, was willing to accept Celine. Even Mother Mary Gonzaga, the Novice Mistress, made no objections. But there was one particular Sister who was much against the proposed plan. That Celine wished to be a Carmelite was well and good, she said, but let her apply to some other monastery of the Order. Three members of the Martin family were sufficient for the Carmel in Lisieux.

As the weeks passed, fresh obstacles arose and there seemed little likelihood that the Sisters would agree to receive Celine. I was fully resigned for her to go to some other Carmel, but something told me that God wished her to be with me. He wished her to learn more about the Little Way than I had been able to relate on her visits in the parlor. Therefore I began to pray with real earnestness for the great favor, and one day after receiving Holy Communion I spoke these words to Our Lord: "You know, dear Jesus, how earnestly I have desired that the trials my dear father endured should serve as his Purgatory. I long to learn if my wish has been granted, but do not ask that You speak to me. All I want is a sign. You know that one of our community is strongly opposed to Celine's entrance into Carmel. If she withdraws her opposition, I shall look upon it as an answer from You, and in this way shall know if my father went straight to Heaven."

As I left the chapel after my thanksgiving, the first person I met was the Sister in question. There were tears in her eyes, and my heart almost missed a beat as she drew me aside and told me that now she had changed her mind. Henceforth she would do all she could to speed the day of Celine's coming. I thanked her as well as I could, but all my thoughts were with God. How good He was to His little child! He had let her know that her beloved father went straight to Heaven. Then He had granted her second request and removed the chief obstacle to Celine's entrance.

Presently I wrote to my sister:

"This is perhaps the last time, my dear little sister, that my pen must serve me for a talk with you; the good God has granted my wish... Our dear father is making us feel his presence in a way that is profoundly touching. After five long years of deathlike separation, what joy to find him as of old, and even more fatherly. Oh, how well will he repay you for all your care of him! You have been his angel; he will now be yours. See, he has not yet been a month in Heaven, and already by his powerful intercession all your projects succeed. It is now easy for him to arrange what concerns us,

and therefore has he had less trouble for Celine than he had for his poor Little Queen."

A few weeks later, on September 14, 1894, Celine came to join us in Carmel. I embraced her eagerly, a privilege denied me for over five years. Then I remembered that it was hardly fitting to show too much interest in one of my own relatives. Now that four of us were living under the same roof, there was the possibility of leading too much of a family life. This was neither good for us, nor for the other Sisters. Therefore I was about to withdraw when Pauline, using her authority as Prioress, set aside the proposed sacrifice.

"Take Celine to her cell," she told me. "From now on she will be one of your charges."

From the beginning my beloved sister did well as a postulant and understood, perhaps better than the others in the Novitiate, the remarkable value of the Little Way. She followed my advice and gave herself into the arms of the Heavenly Father with complete trust. How my heart rejoiced at this, for now I knew that Celine's happiness was assured. What if sorrows did come, and trials? She would still experience the wonderful peace which comes to those who have abandoned themselves to God as little children.

One evening at recreation, during the Christmas season of this same year, I had the happy opportunity of spending a little while with Marie and Pauline. Such occasions were few and far between, for in a convent one should not have any special friends or companions. I had always tried to be faithful to this rule, and therefore the few times when I spoke privately with my sisters were cause for real joy. In fact, my heart overflowed with such happiness on this particular occasion that it seemed very natural to recall other times when we had been together with our loved ones. For instance, did Pauline remember how I had chosen her to be my "Little Mother" after Mama's death? Did Marie remember how she had asked the Blessed Virgin to cure me of my illness?

As she listened to my eager descriptions of our life together, first in Alençon, then in Lisieux, a host of happy memories flooded Marie's soul. Later she took Pauline aside and asked a most unusual favor.

"Mother Prioress, why don't you tell Sister Therese to write down these childhood memories? I think her words would be very helpful to others."

Pauline was amazed at this request of Sister Mary of the Sacred Heart. Wasn't Sister Therese already surrounded with a multitude of duties? And what possible value could her childhood memories have for others?

"They would show what wonderful parents we had," said Marie, "and how we learned everything good from them. Oh, Mother Prioress, I'm very sure such a story would be worthwhile!"

Pauline hesitated, but when a few days had passed she summoned me to her cell and announced the news. I was to write the story of my life. It was to be finished in one year's time—on January 20, 1896, the feast of Saint Agnes.

"That will be my feast day," said Pauline kindly. "You can bring your little book to me then as a gift."

I was amazed at such an assignment, yet since it was given to me by the Prioress it was clearly given to me by God, too. A few days later I knelt before the Statue of Our Lady which once had smiled on me and asked the Queen of Heaven to bless my new work. I begged her to guide my hand so that I should not pen a single line that would not be pleasing to her. Then I opened the New Testament.

"What shall I call my story?" I wondered. "What would be a good title?"

Suddenly my eyes fell upon this sentence from

the Gospel of Saint Mark: "*Jeus, going up a mountain, called to Him men of His own choosing.*"

I was delighted at the wonderful simplicity of these words. How exactly they described my own life! From the heights of Heaven, God had chosen me for His own. More than that. Knowing my weakness, *He had come down to get me!*

As I reflected upon the wonder of it all, my thoughts turned to the evening when I had told Papa of my vocation to Carmel. He had been so kind that night, so understanding. He had picked a little white lily and explained that its purity was like that of my soul. If I wished to give myself to God, small and unstained, nothing could please him more.

I still had the little white lily, a precious souvenir of that wonderful night, and suddenly all doubts as to the title of my new work vanished. Pauline has told me to describe my childhood. Well, I would do just that. So without hesitation I began to write these words:

"THE STORY OF THE SPRINGTIME OF A LITTLE WHITE FLOWER."

(To be continued)

GOSPEL MOVIES BY P.K.

WANTED: CYRENEANS



"They forced Simon of Cyrene to take up his Cross."

St. Mark 15:21.

and Rufus? Had not his cross of cares furrowed his brow and his toil hardened his muscles and sinews? Now he must add to the weight of his own that of another's cross. Reluctantly he grasped the rough-hewn beam and followed Jesus, musing all the while on that one word—YOUR. Your? Ah, yes, this must be the solution of the riddle. Jesus has no cross of "His own." "His" cross is "my" cross—my sins. When He says to me—"Your" cross—He means "my" cross (of sins) that He is carrying for me. Hence I am only taking back what belongs to me; I am putting *His* cross where it belongs—on *my* shoulder.

Is your neighbor's cross of suffering one of your making—*your* cross? Take it from him immediately. If not, it is still *your* cross, for he is a suffering member of Christ and you are a blessed Cyrenean.



The Pure in Heart

Anna-Margaret Record

I'M not an old fogey—at least, not a *very* old one—and I'm not yelling, "The younger generation is going to the dogs!" I'm concerned about the teen-agers, too—don't worry about that—but the fault I'm talking about doesn't lie with them. My protest concerns the "present generation"—young people in their twenties and thirties and the middle-aged people of our parents' generation.

Maybe it seems a trifle far afield to go off at a tangent to the pagan states of the years B.C. But it isn't. I promise you that! What I'm talking about is the status of women. In the pagan state, it was usually true that women, being physically weaker than men, were possessed by them for their own pleasure. A man often possessed several wives; rarely was a woman revered to such a degree that a man offered her a lifetime of love and companionship, with the exclusive privilege of gracing his home and bearing his children. She was literally *e pluribus unum*. Frequently she was "sold" or bartered by her father, as only—in the long run—a marketable commodity which he felt free to dispose of as he chose. In parts of China today girl babies are not wanted and are abandoned to die of exposure and starvation. In Japan women are legally and socially the "inferiors" of men.

The coming of Christianity to any state has invariably been accompanied by improvement in the position of women. Reverence for the Blessed Virgin, mother of Christ, was extended in some measure to all women. And women, too, inspired by her example, strove to become more worthy of men's devotion and respect.

Usually it is true that women are the custodians of a nation's morals. It is they who set the standards of purity which a nation obeys, and which they instil into the minds and hearts of children. Sometimes, when they are told this, very young

girls rebel: "But *why* is it *my* responsibility? Isn't it just as important for men to be good?" In so far as personal morality goes, they are quite right; it is "just as important" for men to obey the laws of decency as for women. But they cannot escape the inevitable truth that women exercise more influence over the children of a nation, particularly over babies, than do men.

First of all, a woman gives the child its physical body; from her body it secures nourishment, proper or improper. If she drives herself to excesses, the things her child needs for his physical development will not be there. By a weak or diseased mother, a healthy vigorous child is not likely to be produced.

After the child's birth, it is normally the mother who guides him. Certainly his father helps—I should never minimize a father's role in the development of a child's character—but it is his mother who cares for him through the day, who plays with him, guides his chubby fist when first he holds a cup and a spoon, who teaches him his first lisping prayers, and his first awkward Sign of the Cross. A boy's mother is his first (and natural) ideal of womanhood. Every girl looks to her mother for an example of the virtues and womanly attributes she hopes some day to possess herself. A baby's mother is his first world; though that world soon widens to include his father and other members of the family circle, belief in his mother remains as one of the unchanging foundations of his life.

When I was in college, my surest test of a proposed line of conduct was this, "Would I like to think of Mother's doing this when she was my age?" Deep within me was the faith that my mother had never done or been anything that was not true and fine and pure! One day I thought, "Will my daughter feel about me the way I feel about Mother?" It was a sobering reflection.

It is also true that most classroom teachers are women, particularly in the lower grades. Until I entered high school I was never (officially) taught anything by men, and even in high school my women teachers outnumbered the men five to four. By the time a student reaches college—or, for that matter, even high school—his character has assumed a fairly definite set. If teachers possess an influence over the intangible viewpoints and ideas (ideals) of children, as well as over their retention of cold "facts," then the greater part of this influence has been exercised by women.

Is it, then, a mark of decadence to find respect for women declining? Surely it is a reversion to pagan principles! I don't mean the informality that rules the manners of our young people. In my opinion, that—within reason—is a good deal more wholesome than the exaggerated and artificial deference that prevailed a century ago. I'm talking about rock-bottom principles—specifically, the collective frame of mind which permits the sexy advertising we look at every day of our lives, without even a blush to mark a sense of shame! Yes, I feel personally smirched to pick up a nationally circulated magazine and find an ad for sun-tan lotion revealing a woman naked except for a sketchy brassiere and *very* brief briefs smirking from the page in front of me. I object to a corn flakes ad showing a smiling girl in a sunbonnet and a *very* short skirt revealing legs sprawled out suggestively across the page. Or a towel ad showing a naked nymph on the edge of the bathtub, sketchily covered by a big wooly bathtowel. Portraits of cigarette girls in the filmiest and flimsiest of skin-tight tunics fail to attract me to the product; they impress upon me the poor taste of their company in relying upon sex appeal to win customers rather than upon the flavor of the cigarettes. (Maybe the cigarettes can't win smokers on their own merit?)

Nor do I think that it is merely my own evil mind which sees advertising of this type as lascivious and pornographic. I'm adult. I'm not a female Einstein, but neither am I a moron. I can face facts when they sock me in the eyes, and—after a long period of uncomfortable silence—I'm socking them back. These people who say, "To the pure all things are pure," are burying their heads in the sand. Either they are imbeciles or ivory-tower escapists. Why not say, "To the peaceful there is no such thing as war"? "To the law-abiding there is no crime"? There is no special virtue in being pure if you do not recognize a moral choice between good and evil.

Nor am I in the least daunted by the challenge: "Well, could *you* figure out a more appropriate line of advertising?" To be frank, I think I could. I couldn't draw them—I'm not artistic—but I have several ideas which I'm certain would appeal to self-respecting people more than the sketches of a nude woman. For example, in the case of the sun-tan lotion, how about a sketch of two little tykes, three years old, or so, playing with balls and sand pails on a sunny beach? Even though they are clad in sunsuits, there is nothing lustful about the bare bodies of babies. Oh why not depict a vigorous game of tennis under a broiling sun? A teen-age boy with rolled up sleeves mopping his red face as he sends a smashing forehand drive across the net? Or a little girl with fair rosy skin, and under the picture some such caption as, "Mother, save her face!" "Don't let that pretty face peel off"?

These ideas aren't especially clever: I realize that. But be honest now! Aren't they a good deal more wholesome than the kind of advertising that depends on sex, no matter how far-fetched such a connection happens to be?

I am not saying that the human body is evil. It is not. But it can tempt people to do evil in order to possess it. It can entice people into sins of thought, whether or not those sins ever become physical. Nor is most magazine advertising "art." Like every other lover of beauty, I have seen pictures of nudes which were so executed that they suggested only purity and loveliness. These indecent ads seem calculated to appeal to lustful passion. They are in no sense lovely; they are only brazen. In the opinion of one humble reader and observer, they insult both men and women—women by casting aspersions upon their moral character; men by appealing exclusively to their physical desire. Don't national advertisers think men possess any other interest in life?

Just as a parting thought—would you like to see your daughter sitting on the front porch in nothing but a brassiere? Then why do you look at her picture in every magazine and on every billboard (with a few exceptions) that the nation possesses? That blonde-haired lass selling cigarettes might be your daughter or the girl next door. The little brunette demonstrating bathtowels might be your brother's daughter or your son's wife or your best friend—or you. Remember that, next time you see such an ad. Maybe you'll get so mad you'll join me in the ranks of the fogeys who don't want our younger generation shown the way to the dogs by adults who know better if they would only clarify their sense of values.

Decadence of Church Music

Jerome Palmer, O.S.B.

CHAPTER THREE

JUST when Church Music was at the height of its glory, after centuries of struggle to attain that position, a pitiable and cruel death sealed its doom. An intruder, bold and impertinent, captured the sensual hearts of the world and snatched for itself the first place, wiping out every vestige of the once glorious Plain Chant of the early Ages, and so disfigured the magnificent Polyphony of the subsequent centuries that it became unrecognizable through the din of the orchestra or the thundering of the organ.

We are not to think, however, that the death was a sudden one. No, the ancient forms struggled on for some time, in fact, throughout the seventeenth and a part of the eighteenth centuries, but they were being slowly and steadily pushed to one side until at last they were completely obliterated.

Living alongside the waning Chant and Polyphony, growing ever stronger and stronger, was a new style, the antecedent of which is not to be found in the history of Church Music. The momentous transition first made itself felt about the year 1600. We do not call it a development, for such it was not. To seek the parentage of the new form in the old is futile, and one need not look twice to see that the new music was an intrusion from a purely secular field.

Some twenty years previous the old music of the Greeks became a topic of general interest among the scholars in Italy, especially in Florence, who sought if possible to restore it to its ancient splendor. Their theorizing led them to experiment, and the result was a kind of musical declamation, a formless recitation, first discovered by Vincenzo Galilei. All that was needed now was to set the stage and masquerade a little, and the Opera was in full swing.

In all the history of art from the dawn of man to our present day, there is recorded no parallel to the sweeping changes which the opera introduced. It brought the revolution of music into the secular sphere and from there it was easily transferred to the ecclesiastical. The impressive choral singing was silenced that some "Prima Donna" might display from the choir loft trills and frills more appropriate on the concert stage. The sober system of the Gregorian or Plain Chant gave way to a new system; the contrapuntal selections were re-

placed by the new harmonic ones, the "a capella" style yielded to the accompanied, and the dramatic usurped the place so diligently sought by true Church Music.

The impulse which had transformed painting and literature, science and philosophy, at last brought forth a sensuousness of tone and brilliancy of technique, which dealt the death blow to the ethereal and solemn productions of such religiously minded men as Palestrina. Novelty of effect, not elevation of heart and soul, is what was craved, and there were plenty would-be musicians to furnish it. The taste of the masses became so degenerate that they lost all conception of the true nature and purpose of music. Fascinated by the new Italian Opera and the vivid rhythm and tone color of the orchestra, they relegated to the past the austere art of the medieval Church.

The Church has always shown herself indulgent in matters not strictly of morals and dogma, and in music she permitted her authorized song,—the Chant, to be supplemented by a counter-charm that became entirely worldly. The distinction between Concert and Church Music was ignored, and the third historic form of Church Music was born. Florid, sometimes flippant, melodies succeeded the unison chant. Nor is that all. Women took the place of boy singers and the choir loft became a show place for opera stars to display their brilliant runs and cadences to the accompaniment of large orchestras. This mixed solo and chorus music was based on the modern major and minor transposing scales and was moulded by the influence of the Opera into anything but fit Church Music. The Masses produced in the seventeenth, eighteenth, and nineteenth centuries in France, Italy, and Germany were nothing else than the opera and Oratorio presented at the altar instead of at the theatre. Popular themes were applied to the liturgical texts and the latter were twisted and lengthened to fit the straight jacket of a new-fangled system of notation. The Masses of Haydn, for instance, or Mozart, differ very little from their secular works; Beethoven's "Missa Solemnis" (1818-1822) is so out of proportion to the Mass that it cannot even be considered from a liturgical point of view. The sacredness of the Church was nearly desecrated at times by perversions hardly less than sacrilegious.

The composers were generally men of no belief or at least strangers to the Church's doctrines. Bitter is the complaint from Italy of the frivolous execution of Rossini's "Stabat Mater." The heart-breaking pathos of this immortal hymn was distorted with incredible levity so as to fit the sprightly abandon of the Opera. Franz Liszt whose "Gran Mass" was performed more frequently on the stage than in the Church had nevertheless some sense of the fit, for he writes to a Paris journal in 1835 apropos to "the wretched choruses" and "the vulgar antics of the organist," playing galops and variations from comic operas in the most solemn moments of the holy ceremony. So long, of course, as the composers pampered the depraved taste of the public, Church Music sailed rapidly along to its ruination. Melody and harmony make up true

music. Melody at this age was used as a vehicle for the acrobatic virtuoso, and harmony was still more or less in its incipency. For the sake of variety, unexpected dissonances were used right and left, because the people grew impatient with the "placidity and colorlessness" of the model harmonies.

The emotionalism of the age was dominant in all art, and music was no exception. Heretofore there was no orchestra worthy of the name. The few simple instruments that accompanied the first Florentine music-dramas gradually developed until at the close of the sixteenth century popular demand, vitiated by a spirit of worldliness, broke through the barrier of propriety and brought the frivolity of the age to the very precincts of the altar. The violin and flute solos converted the Holy of Holies



LAFAYETTE SPRING

From Tom de la Hunt.

1. Lafayette Spring, on shore near Rock Island, is the point where General de Lafayette and party camped over night in May, 1825, after their shipwreck. The next forenoon they were rescued and taken to Jeffersonville and Louisville on board the steamer Paragon. In the autumn of 1816 Thomas Lincoln and family, including his son Abraham Lincoln had camped over night at this same point, when on the way to their new Indiana home at what is now Lincoln City.
2. Rock Island, in the Ohio River, four miles east of Cannelton, Ind. In May, 1825, the steamer Mechanic, carrying General de Lafayette and party, struck a snag near this island and went to the bottom. No lives were lost, however.
3. A stone formation on the bank of the Ohio near Cannelton, Indiana, resembles very closely the body of a man. Is it a petrification?

This Is No Dream

Harold Gluck, Ph.D.

ONE OF the greatest tragedies of the world is the bitter fact that men often refuse to acknowledge Truth, even when brought face to face with it. And especially when the Truth concerned is simple to comprehend, there is a disclaimer often of its very existence. The materialists with their concepts of evolution and progress have so blinded people, that Truth is only sought for in the realm of the complicated.

Take the matter of peace, as an illustration. Mankind can live in peace. There is nothing complicated about this Truth. From the Catholic point of view, Christ himself is a message of hope to the world that peace can be obtained, provided the proper means are taken. But what do we see instead? First, there are those who are already talking about World War III, picking the line-up of the countries that will be on our side and the countries that will be on the other side. Second, there are those who feel that the destiny of mankind is war and that peace is only an interlude between any two wars. And third, there are those who are looking for rather compli-

cated formulae to give us peace, as though the utterance of some magic words could accomplish that task. Not a very pretty picture and if you wish to get a mild form of migraine, you need only read the millions of words that are being printed on how to attain peace—with each peace group almost ready to go to war with other competitive peace groups.

The Thirteenth Century knew no such difficulty as seems to best the Twentieth Century. All you had to do was to obey the moral law—and the moral law applied to every man. Quite simple, isn't it? And it is about time that we turn back our thoughts to the moral law as a necessary basis for a lasting peace. Archbishop Stritch has very ably pointed out that the disregard of the moral law was at the root of the breakdown of international relations, and that the law in the countries where the dictators seized political power was disregarded precisely because the moral law was condemned. He has made an excellent observation with the comment that "There is a sane realism in international relations and that is the realism which recognizes moral realities." To

have the reign of law in the Family of Nations the nations themselves must recognize the moral law as the preamble to all international law, because without such recognition we cannot achieve world peace.

Make no mistake about the matter. This has been a religious war with Paganism on one side and Christianity on the other side. In that sense it is merely one more chapter in the history of the world wherein we have similar chapters of the often repeated persecutions of Christ and His Church. When godless men get control of a government, that government becomes godless and has no alternative but to fight true religion. For the spotlight of true religion would show what a fraud these godless men are trying to perpetuate upon a nation and its people. The picture is not pleasant to witness, for in their madness these men try to liquidate those who stand in their way, using all means of torture, death chambers as well as crematoriums, where the murder of Catholics and Jews becomes a wholesale daily ritual.

As people with free will, we must make the choice and we can make

into a concert hall and the people naturally forgot the significance of the liturgy, the sanctity of the Church, and the office of the choir. Their hearts were buried beneath earth, gold, and pleasure, and they sought it in the Churches no less than in the public theatres. Vocalism, with all the fascination of its art, held the hearts of listeners and any poverty of idea was drowned by the blaring trumpets or the gymnastic antics of the conductor. The vain spirit of "showing-off" was already rampant and has survived even to our times. What a counterpart to the angelic choirs, who with bowed heads chant their ceaseless "Sanctus, Sanctus, Sanctus." Such a dramatic element tinged our church Music with hues of earthliness, and sometimes it was more than a tint. It was steeped in the doubts and turmoils of that rebellious and skeptical age to be judged by its boasted fruits,—the Reformation. Mingled throughout we hear echoes of worldly allurements, which as respect for spiritual authority

diminished, continued to swell until the quiet inspiring flow of the Chant was completely lost. Verily we exchanged our birthright for a mess of pottage.

These tendencies ran their course unchecked for two centuries but at last there has come a reaction which promises to restore the ancient and stately music of the ages of faith. Having been duped by a false conception of the beautiful, we are ready to return to the forsaken treasures of the past. The redeeming feature is that the Church still has in her possession that solid and universal foundation of true Church Music,—the Gregorian Chant. Unfortunately the great neglect that it suffered, and the transformation to which it was subjected to make it meet the requirements of a degenerate taste, reduced it to a mere shadow of its former beauty, but the earnest efforts of right-minded leaders have brought an awakening equal to the lamentable decadence of past centuries.

the choice. Peace is ours if we are but willing to acknowledge that there is a moral law and as moral men we are bound under it. After such acknowledgment, there must be action, the action of free people who are free because they see how they must act. The necessity of a confederation of nations, augmented by powerful tribunals and operated under moral principles of the natural law was advocated as the means of preserving a just and lasting peace in a declaration adopted at the eighty-ninth annual convention of the Catholic Central Verein of America and its auxiliary, the National Catholic Women's Union at St. Louis. The Most Rev. Aloisius J. Muench, Bishop of Fargo, who is a member of the Committee on the Pope's Peace Points, has taken sharp issue with those who feel that nations must give up their sovereignty and that all persons must become citizens of a world state if lasting peace is to be achieved. "Each nation, no matter how small, occupies a rightful place in the divine order of the human family established by God. Through nationalism in its good sense, the natural inalienable rights of nations, small and large, weak and strong, are safeguarded. We affirm these rights to be primarily rights to life and independence. Interested solely by motives of attaining a good peace, we condemn whatever strengthens excessive nationalism."

WE ALWAYS looked at peace as something inactive and never seemed to understand that we must strive for peace, and do something affirmative to attain peace. Unfortunately peace is to the average man exactly what health is. He only worries about health when he is ill and then tries to take steps to get well. Once well, he usually forgets about keeping well until the next time he is ill. We must do something about keeping peace, while we have peace.

Former Secretary of State, Cordell Hull well expressed the feeling of most Americans who have thought about the terrible dance of death we have been witnessing: "The very character of this war moves us to search for an enduring peace—a

peace founded upon justice and fair-dealing for individuals and for nations." This is the opportune time to call attention to those who are going to sit around the peace tables that a great Catholic, Francisco Suarez (1548-1617), who was professor at Coimbra in Portugal between 1597 and 1616, has left as a heritage sound contributions which can be used as the basis of a correct doctrine of international law. His greatest contribution was in the *Tractatus de Legibus ac Deo Legislatore*—A Treatise Concerning Laws and God the Legislator, which was published at Coimbra in 1612. A year later he followed this with *Defensio Fidei Catholicae adversus Anglicanae Sectae Errores*—A Defense of the Catholic Faith Against the Errors of the Anglican Sect—which was an attack on James I who had exacted an oath of allegiance from his Catholic subjects. And at his death in 1617 he left a manuscript which was published four years later—*Opus De Triplici Virtute Theologica*.

We are going to have peace only in a world which is run by law and not by the whims of those who try to get power. Hence it is necessary that the correct concept of law be followed and not some figment of the imagination. Suarez divides law into three branches, divine, natural, and human. The eternal law has first place on account of its dignity and excellence, and because it is the source and origin of all laws. Natural law is the first system whereby the eternal law has been applied or made known to us. Human law applies and supplements this and gives to it a sanction. Now let us see what this means for tomorrow's peace. It means recognition that the very basis of all law in human society has to be that natural law implanted by God in men for their own good, and of course, that they may attain a good life. This recognition implies the acceptance of a truth which is limited neither by space nor time.

His Holiness Pope Pius XII has issued a call to action which should give hope to all the hearts of mankind. We are told first that humanity stands aghast at the abyss of

misery into which the spirit of violence and domination of force have thrown it. History is passing through a grave hour, decisive for all humanity. Upon the answer to the question who will be the architects of the new world depends the destiny of Christian civilization in Europe and all over the world.

The message which His Holiness gives to all of us is a message of cheer that peace is possible and will be maintained in this world. "The sword can—and indeed at times must—open the road to peace. The shadow of the sword may be cast over the transition from the cessation of hostilities to the formal conclusion of peace. The threat of the sword may loom inevitably within juridically necessary and morally justifiable limits even after the conclusion of peace, to safeguard the observance of rightful obligations and prevent a temptation to conflict. But the soul of peace worthy of the name and purifying the spirit of the solution is justice, which impartially measures out to everyone what is due and takes from all their just due—justice, which does not give everything to everyone but gives love to all and wrong to no one; justice, which is worthy of truth and the mother of healthy freedom and assured greatness."

For the difference between Justice and Vengeance is the difference between Christianity on one side and the Paganism on the other side; and having defeated this Paganism, we are not going to permit ourselves to be drenched in even the slightest part of their foul philosophy. We will have our world of Justice and Peace within the Moral Order. Yet there are five battles which must be fought and in each of these battles there must be a complete victory, with no compromise possible. There must be victory over hate, victory over distrust, victory over narrow utilitarianism, victory over might which oppresses right, and victory over selfishness which destroys solidarity. Then we will have a true spirit of international relations because we will have eliminated the forces which stand in the way of cooperation. Peace on Earth—It is no Dream!

Suggestions for Daily Lenten Readings

from the Gospels, Acts, and Epistles

Text	Subject
Jn. 1:1-18	The Prologue
Lk. 1:5-25	Announcing the Baptist
Lk. 1:26-38	Announcing the Savior
Lk. 1:39-56	The Visitation

Lk. 1:57-80	Birth of Baptist
Lk. 2:1-21	Birth of Jesus
Mt. 2:1-23	The Magi, etc.
Lk. 2:41-52	Jesus in the temple
Mk. 1:1-13	John the Baptist
Jn. 1:35-51	First disciples
Jn. 2:1-12	Marriage at Cana

Jn. 2:13-25	Temple cleansed
Jn. 3:1-21	Nicodemus
Jn. 3:22-36	The Baptist speaks
Mk. 2:1-28	Conflict with Pharisees
Mk. 3:1-19	Further conflict
Mt. 5:1-20	Sermon on the Mount
Mt. 6:1-18	The same continued

Lk. 7:1-17	Centurion's servant
Lk. 7:18-35	John the Baptist
Lk. 7:36-50	The sinful woman
Mk. 3:20-35	Blasphemy of the Scribes
Mt. 13:1-23	The Sower
Mt. 13:24-52	Other parables
Lk. 4:16-30	Jesus at Nazareth

Mt. 14:1-12	Death of the Baptist
Jn. 6:1-21	Jesus feeds five thousand
Jn. 6:22-47	Jesus on the Eucharist
Jn. 6:48-70	Jesus on the Eucharist
Mk. 7:24-37	Chanaanite woman
Mt. 16:13-28	Peter's profession of faith
Mk. 9:1-12	Transfiguration

Mk. 9:32-49	Against various vices
Jn. 8:12-30	Light of the world
Jn. 10:1-18	Good Shepherd
Lk. 15:11-32	Prodigal Son
Mt. 19:16-30	Danger of riches
Jn. 11:1-44	Lazarus
Jn. 12:1-11	At Bethany

Mt. 21:1-11	Palm Sunday
Mt. 22:34-46	The Son of David
Mk. 13:1-13	Destruction of Jerusalem and of the world
Jn. 12:20-50	Jesus' last words to the people
Mk. 14:12-25	Last Supper
Mk. 15:20-47	Crucifixion and death of Jesus
Mk. 16:1-18	The Resurrection

Jn. 21:1-25	Appearances of Jesus
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FIRST WEEK	
Wednesday	Acts 1:1-11
Thursday	Acts 1:15-26
Friday	Acts 2:1-18
Saturday	Acts 2:22-36

SECOND WEEK	
Sunday	Acts 2:37-47
Monday	Acts 3:1-11
Tuesday	Acts 3:12-26
Wednesday	Acts 4:1-12
Thursday	Acts 5:1-16
Friday	Acts 5:17-33
Saturday	Acts 5:34-42

THIRD WEEK	
Sunday	Acts 6:1-15
Monday	Acts 7:54-8:3
Tuesday	Acts 8:4-17
Wednesday	Acts 8:26-40
Thursday	Acts 9:1-19
Friday	Acts 9:31-43
Saturday	Acts 11:1-18

FOURTH WEEK	
Sunday	Acts 12:1-17
Monday	Acts 13:1-12
Tuesday	Acts 14:7-17
Wednesday	Acts 15:1-12
Thursday	Acts 16:11-18
Friday	Phil. 1:12-30
Saturday	Acts 17:1-9

FIFTH WEEK	
Sunday	1 Thes. 2:1-12
Monday	Acts 18:1-17
Tuesday	1 Cor. 1:17-2:5
Wednesday	Acts 19:1-12
Thursday	Eph. 5:21-6:4
Friday	Acts 20:17-38
Saturday	Acts 21:27-40

SIXTH WEEK (Passion Week)	
Sunday	Acts 22:1-21
Monday	Acts 23:1-11
Tuesday	Acts 23:12-21
Wednesday	Acts 23:22-35
Thursday	Acts 24:1-21
Friday	Acts 25:1-12
Saturday	Acts 25:13-27

SEVENTH WEEK (Holy Week)	
Sunday	Acts 26:1-18
Monday	Acts 26:19-32
Tuesday	Acts 27:1-13
Wednesday	Acts 27:14-26
Thursday	Acts 28:1-16
Friday	Col. 1:15-23
Saturday	Philem. 1-25

EASTER SUNDAY	
	Col. 3:1-10

Subject
The Ascension
Election of Matthias
Descent of Holy Spirit
Peter's first sermon

Results of Peter's sermon
Peter's first miracle
Peter explains the miracle
Apostles arrested
Ananias' hypocrisy
Apostles arrested
Defense of apostles

The deacons
Stephen's martyrdom
Faith in Samaria
The Ethiopian
Conversion of Paul
Peter visits the churches
Gentiles received into the Church

Peter's life threatened
Paul goes on mission
Paul at Lystra
Decision on the Mosaic Law
Paul at Philippi
Paul to the Philippians
Paul at Thessalonica

Paul to the Thessalonians
Paul at Corinth
Paul to the Corinthians
Paul at Ephesus
Paul to the Ephesians
Paul's farewell to the Ephesians
Paul arrested

Paul's address
Paul before the court
Plot against Paul
Paul in prison
Paul before the governor
Paul before Festus
Paul before Agrippa

Paul's defense
Paul's defense
Departure for Rome
Storm at sea
Malta and Rome
Christ, God and Savior
Paul's plea for a slave

BROTHER MEINRAD HELPS

Would like for you to mention in your publication thanks to Brother Meinrad for his help in a recent illness. He not only helped me to get well, but he added patience with it, and I certainly was discouraged before I started praying to him.

Mrs. M. H., Florida

Enclosed find an offering for a Mass to be said for Brother Meinrad's honor. I promised this if he would help me.

Mrs. A. F. S., Neb.

Enclosed find a bank draft for ... in thanksgiving for several favors received through the intercession of Brother Meinrad. Please send me the prayer to Brother Meinrad, as my copy is well worn.

J. E. P., New York

I am sending an offering for a favor received through Brother Meinrad. He always comes to my assistance.

Mrs. G. C., Pa.

Please publish my thanksgiving to Brother Meinrad for his help in receiving a special favor. M. S., Ind.

Am enclosing an offering for one Mass to be offered for the beatification of Brother Meinrad in thanksgiving.

Six years ago I promised Brother Meinrad I would publish a favor if he granted it to me. I caught my right hand in the clothes wringer. My hand swelled to very large proportions. I had some urgent typewriting to do and I picked up the leaflet of Brother Meinrad and said: "Brother Meinrad, if you heal my hand so that I can type tomorrow I will surely publish the favor. The following morning my hand was healed. I have obtained many other special favors through the intercession of Brother Meinrad.

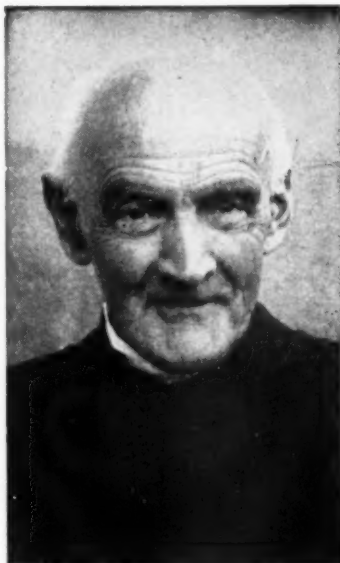
A. B. S., Kansas

My husband has been praying to Brother Meinrad for a short time and several favors have been granted. Please publish in "The Grail."

Mrs. J. P., Ind.

Am enclosing an offering for a Mass for the glorification of Brother Meinrad in thanksgiving for a great favor received, as well as many small ones. I promised publication.

S.M.R., Ind.



The Servant of God, Brother Meinrad Eugster, O.S.B., was a member of Maria Einsiedeln Abbey in Switzerland. There he died in 1925 highly respected by his confreres for his virtuous life. His cause for beatification has been introduced at Rome, and THE GRAIL is the chosen organ for bringing his cause to the knowledge of American Catholics. A picture of Brother Meinrad and a prayer for his canonization may be procured by sending a stamped and self-addressed envelope to the Rev. Jerome Palmer, O.S.B., St. Meinrad, Indiana.

MONTHLY NOVENA

15th to 23rd

All who wish their petitions or intentions prayed for, please send them into THE GRAIL, St. Meinrad, Indiana before the 15th of the month. A Novena of Masses will be offered each month for the glorification and canonization of Brother Meinrad and for all the intentions sent in.

In order to make Brother Meinrad better known a booklet of stamps to be used on envelopes and packages can be obtained for ten cents from THE GRAIL, ST. MEINRAD, INDIANA.

The enclosing offering is in thanksgiving to Brother Meinrad for favors received.

Mrs. J. A., Minn.

Enclosed offering is for one Mass in thanksgiving to Brother Meinrad for favors received.

A. H., Ind.

I am sending an offering in thanksgiving to Brother Meinrad for a favor received.

L. M. Y., Ill.

I am enclosing an offering for six Masses for the glorification of Brother Meinrad. I promised this offering and publication for many favors received. I also wish you to pray for my intentions during the monthly novena.

T. H., Texas

I am enclosing an offering for one Mass for the glorification of Brother Meinrad for a favor received.

Mrs. T. H., Ind.

I want you to know that I made a novena to Rose Ferron and the Blessed Virgin and on the eighth day my prayers were answered very favorably.

M G., Minn.

I wish to tell you that I have received an answer to my prayers from Brother Meinrad. My baby was ill and has recovered and is doing nicely. I have received other favors through my prayers to him.

Mrs. F. L. V., Ind.

Our eleven year old son fell from the hay loft of our barn and was seriously injured, skull fractured in two places. We prayed to Blessed Rose Ferron and Brother Meinrad and he is now up and about doing small tasks with no apparent change with the exception of a headache every day. We are extremely grateful to God and His Saints.

Mrs. C. E., Ind.

Some time ago a friend of mine promised the enclosed offering if she received a special favor through Brother Meinrad's intercession. Please publish this.

B. C., Idaho

I am enclosing one dollar in honor of Brother Meinrad for favors received.

Mrs. P. J. F., Iowa

Please find five dollars enclosed in thanksgiving to Mary Rose Ferron. I promised it if I should be able to find a book which I had lost. I found it.

Mrs. J. M., Iowa

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